

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT REPUBLICAN BLOWER.

SENATOR CONKLING—"It was I—mind you, I—and my Republican Party who first suggested and promised some of the very reforms which everybody is praising Governor Tilden for. Heavily loaded as I am, I must keep on blowing."

GOVERNOR TILDEN—"Standing on this Democratic Platform, I need only say that while Senator Conkling and his Republican Party were promising reforms, they left me to make them."

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 637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

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MARKS OF A FALLING PARTY.

EDMUND BURKE has well observed, in one of the most thoughtful of his political writings, that it is "a want of nerves of understanding" adequate to the burdens of statesmanship, and "a fondness for tricking short-cuts and little fallacious facilities, that has in so many parts of the world created governments of arbitrary powers." The practical difficulties which elude the grasp of political charlatans meet them, he adds, at every step of their course, and multiply and thicken upon them until at last "they are involved, through a labyrinth of confused details, in an industry without limit and without direction, and, in conclusion, the whole of their work becomes feeble, vicious and insecure."

It would be impossible to find words which more accurately paint the political situation that has been created for our country by the blundering management to which all the practical interests of the American people have been subject under the long sway of the Republican politicians. It was "a want of nerves of understanding" equal to the problems entailed by our civil war which set the Republican leaders to the invention of "tricking short-cuts" and "fallacious facilities" for the purpose of meeting the emergencies of the hour, and therefore without a prudent regard to consequences, because without an intelligent foresight of the principles involved in all sound and constitutional government. Hence the device of a legal-tender currency, which, in order to supply the immediate wants of the Federal Treasury, made a mock of truth, honor and justice in the management of the national finances. In the pursuit of a "tricking short-cut" and of a "fallacious facility," all considerations of public economy and of private morality were deliberately sacrificed. It was the same short-sighted and improvident political economy which has burdened American industry with the grievous exactions of our tariff laws and of our internal revenue system. It was the same pursuit of political ends, without regard to the wisdom or rightfulness of the means allowed by constitutional government, which finally landed the Republican Party in that extremity of arbitrary power witnessed in the military subjugation of the State of Louisiana under the present administration.

But it is not our purpose so much to consider the occasions on which the Republican politicians have manifested this improvident and reckless spirit, as to measure and appreciate the effect which such a habit of misrule has produced in the persons of its agents. The time has passed when defects in wisdom can be supplied by a plenitude of force and artifice in the administration of the Federal Government. The Gordian knot in which the Republican blunderers have twisted and tied the practical interests of the people cannot be cut with the sword. It demands to be carefully untwisted and untied by the hands of an intelligent and conscientious statesmanship. To perform this function, the Republican politicians are equally unfitted by their temper and their training. The difficulties which they have so long been in the habit of evading, instead of meeting face to face, are now at last confronting them with clamorous demands for final and fundamental adjustment. But in the meantime these difficulties, because of the skimp-skamble course which has been so long pursued, have multiplied and thickened upon the party leaders, until to-day the latter are at their wit's end, and present to the country a pitiful spectacle of men whose work has become "feeble, vicious and insecure," because they are consciously involved in "a labyrinth of confused details" where their industry is "without limit and without direction."

And hence the irresolute and vacillating conduct of the Republican politicians in those matters which are now of the most immediate and vital importance to the American people—questions of currency, of revenue and of administrative reform. It is only a few years ago that these politicians took the lead in debasing our currency, and from that day down to the present time they have shirked and dodged the difficulties of the problem created by themselves, instead of resolutely and honestly setting themselves to the task of undoing the mischief they have done. It is their ignorant and selfish legislation that has laid upon American industry the heavy burdens which they now refuse to touch with one of their fingers. It is by letting indirection find direction out that they have passed through professions and promises of civil service reform into the most shameful and public abandonment of its principles and practices.

It is because the managers of the Republican Party have become so "feeble, vicious and insecure" in their work that they send a Boutwell into Ohio to argue against inflation after having, as Secretary of the Treasury, illegally inflated the currency to the extent of \$26,000,000, and it is because the party leaders are equally without principles and without wit enough to hide the want of them, that a Dawes, fresh from the advocacy of Ben Butler's election to Congress, is put forward, at the late Republican Convention in Massachusetts, to declare that "reform in the civil service is a work which no party can give over or slacken, and for the elevation and purification of that service the Republican Party will continually and faithfully strive!"

In some recent comments on the ineptitude of the men who control the present policy of the Republican Party, our candid Republican contemporary, the *Nation*, felt constrained to hold the following language:

"Now, we would ask all those who really believe that reform in administration, and especially in the finances of the Government, is the crying need of the day and the problem with which the American people are now called upon to deal, whether they seriously expect that the work can be done by a party managed and led by such men as now have the Republican Party in charge—Morton, Logan, Conkling, Boutwell, Dawes, Cameron, Butler, for instance—men who have no positive convictions on any of the questions now ripe for solution, and hardly any personal preference for one line of policy more than another, or even any familiar acquaintance with the subjects in which the material for the solution are to be found? We must remember that parties competent to take hold of the Government and carry it on successfully, and provide the legislation the times call for, have always been parties led by men who, rightly or wrongly, held firmly and bravely and clearly certain ideas on public policy, and had held them before the party was formed on them, and would hold them if the party were to abandon them to-morrow."

This stinging criticism—a criticism as just as it is stinging—has found new matter for its justification in the latest phases of our current politics. We refer especially to the conduct of the Republican leaders in the political campaign that has just closed in New York. In that campaign we have witnessed an ill-disguised coalition between the Republican Party and the Canal Ring. In the desperate shifts to which the party is reduced in order to save its drowning fortunes, there seems to be no alliance from which it is unwilling to shrink. And in all this *insouciance* we can see the traces, not only of a moral apathy, but also of the intellectual poverty which betokens a party at the end of its resources.

It is in relation to the current questions which call for a management that is intelligent, helpful and earnest, that we see the moral and intellectual superiority of a Democratic statesman like Governor Tilden. He knows what he wishes, and what he wishes he wishes with vehemence—with a vehemence which enables him to confront corruptionists in their strongest entrenchments, and to withstand to the face, if need be, his Democratic confederates when they are to be blamed by allowing themselves to be carried away by Republican dissimulation in matters of currency and finance. It is only such a statesmanship that can save the country from the ruin to which it has been brought by policies at once vicious and feeble.

ROYALTY AND THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE arrangements made for the grand Centennial Exhibition of next year have already commanded world-wide attention. The conviction is widespread that it will be the greatest demonstration of the kind ever made by or among any people. With scarcely a single exception all the nations of Europe will be represented; Brazil and most of the South American Republics will exhibit their specialties; and even China and Japan will find an honored place.

It would be strange, indeed, if the Exhibition did not bring to these shores large crowds of distinguished visitors from all the ends of the earth. It will have many special attractions. It promises to be the greatest of all the great exhibitions; it is to be held in a new land and among a new people; and it is to commemorate an important historic event. Already it is apparent that we shall have no end of illustrious and titled personages; and there can be no doubt that the favorite trip next year for European tourists will be across the Atlantic.

Among the intending visitors, we can at least count upon one Emperor and one Emperor's son. The Emperor of Brazil, it has for some time been known, would certainly be with us; and now it is finally settled that the Imperial Crown-Prince of Germany, accompanied by his eldest son, a young man of seventeen years of age, will visit these shores next Summer. It will not be at all wonderful if the example should prove contagious, and if, as the result, royalty should be largely represented in this country during the Exhibition months. Russia, Austria, Italy—each has princes enough on hand; and the spirit of rivalry, as well as the natural and very becoming desire to see the Exhibition and take part in the Centennial demonstrations, may prompt some of them to make the experiment of an Atlantic voyage. The Sultan and his proud vassal, the Khedive of Egypt, will unquestionably send suitable representatives; and if, following the example of Emperor William, they should send their eldest sons, the result might be a gain to the Princes themselves, to the illustrious families to which they

belong, as well as to the people whom they may yet be called upon to govern. Pity that France cannot send us the Prince Imperial; for undoubtedly by many of our people he would have been most gladly welcomed. It ought, however, to be some consolation to us to know that if France cannot send us the Prince Imperial, or, indeed, any scion of royalty, it is because she has caught somewhat of our spirit, and because a large number of her people have come to the conclusion that to the prosperity and welfare of a state or nation royalty is not absolutely indispensable. England cannot send us her Prince of Wales, who has gone to make a tour of his Indian Empire; but Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur, or the young Leopold, would serve sufficiently well for the occasion. Then there are Holland and Belgium, and Sweden and Denmark. Altogether, there is a reasonable presumption that we shall have in the midst of us, in the Summer of 1876, a tolerably fair representation of the titled magnates of the world.

For princes, as such, we have no right, as a republican people, to have any special regard. But we are not hindered by our republican principles from perceiving and appreciating, beneath the garb of royalty, character and motive. All honor is due to the Emperor of Brazil. His character as a wise and paternal ruler is well and widely known and largely appreciated; and his visit to this country will be as much a source of gratification to us as it will, we trust, be a source of pleasure and profit to himself. As to the proposed visit of the Imperial Crown-Prince of Germany, we cannot but regard it as a well-meant compliment to the people of the United States. Emperor William has always shown a kindly feeling towards this country and its people. During our late civil war, we could at all times count with confidence on the sympathy of the German people and the German Government; and when our bonds were despised in the rich capitals of Europe, German credit was never grudgingly given. Our friendly relations with the Prussian people, and with the illustrious House of Hohenzollern, date from the commencement of our national history. But for the influence of the Great Frederick, a European coalition might have strangled the nation at its birth. There is something peculiarly appropriate in the proposed visit of the Crown-Prince. The ambitious dreams of Frederick the Great have been all but realized in Germany; and now his descendant, and the heir to all the honors of his House, comes to witness a centenary of progress in the young Republic of the Western World. Other and fitting men might, no doubt, have been sent; but in the person of the Crown-Prince, the heir to the Imperial throne, we have the most representative German, after the Emperor himself. Of course the Prince will be grandly received. His visit cannot but be a source of gratification to our German fellow-citizens; and when it is remembered how magnificently they have turned out on several occasions of late years, we can have no hesitation in saying that his reception will be one of the grandest demonstrations of the kind witnessed in this country since the memorable visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1860. But it will not be left to the Germans alone to do him honor. By the whole American people he will be received as the representative of a great people, as a man of high birth and exalted position, and as a soldier who has covered himself with glory in one of the greatest international struggles which the world has yet witnessed. In honoring the Prince and the other royal and titled persons who may visit this country next Summer, it will be well if we guard against the ridiculously wild enthusiasm to which some of us gave way on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales.

It cannot be but that great good will result from the Exhibition, and the friendly international rivalry of which it will be the scene. Money will be brought by the strangers, and will be freely spent in the midst of us. We may have occasion to learn much from them; but they, too, will have something to learn from us. They will witness the progress of one hundred years; and from this progress they may find reason to come to the conclusion that the republican form of government—the government of the people by the people, and for the people—is, after all, not a bad kind of government. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. We shall learn from each other, and we shall be drawn towards each other in bonds of brotherhood. Our Centennial Year may mark the commencement of a happier era in the history of mankind.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

A NEW college has been opened for women, in Massachusetts, where all the advantages of a university education are offered the students. It is the generous gift of a single public-spirited citizen, whose deed is worthy of all imitation. The Massachusetts college was undoubtedly prompted by the success of Vassar, but it is modeled on a somewhat different plan. It aims to give the benefit of higher education to the daughters of the poor as well as the rich. Most of the work in the building is to be done by the students. They will be initiated into the duties of chamber-

maids, and into the arts and mysteries of the kitchen. After an arduous demonstration in Euclid, they will be called upon to undertake the preparation of boiled mutton with caper-sauce, or the rolling-out of a flaky crust for chicken-pie. Astronomy will be followed by vigorous action with the broom, and the valedictorian of the coming commencement will be pointed out as the young woman with a feather-duster in her hand.

It is barely possible that the graduate of the Massachusetts college may not be despised by the sterner sex because she has acquired these feminine accomplishments. Much as the masculine mind may admire the poetry of Euripides, it generally has more appreciation of a well-ordered house and nicely cooked dinner. In olden times the literary woman had the reputation of being a mere blue-stocking who despised the kitchen and gloried in a disordered household. Modern education proposes that the humanities of home shall not be neglected. The change will not be unwellcome.

Two points in the higher education of women seem to be accepted as settled by practical advocates of the advance. One is, that a full collegiate training is perfectly adapted to the feminine sphere, and the other is, that separate colleges are better than the mixed system. The five hundred students at Vassar and the four hundred who have recently entered Wellesley College in Massachusetts abundantly demonstrate that a university education is eagerly sought by the gentler part of creation, and that they prefer to be in classes where their associates shall be those of their own sex. One lady graduated at Cornell University at the last commencement, three at the University of Michigan, and a few others at various small Western institutions, but the total of female graduates throughout the United States would not equal in numbers the late graduating class at Vassar College. Indeed there seems now to be no enthusiasm for the mixed system. Those who are pledged to its support still sustain it, but rather as a matter of principle or prejudice than from a strong belief in its practical benefits. Its disadvantages seem to outnumber any possible good that may accrue to the students. The system will never become popular with the female pupils, nor is it likely to be generally indorsed by their parents. At present there is no adequate provision made for the collegiate education of women in institutions of their own, but there is no doubt that it will come by-and-by, and then the mixed system will be abandoned. Scores of applicants have been turned away from Wellesley and Vassar this year for want of room, and some of these disappointed young women will probably apply for admission to colleges where the men are in the preponderance. But this very demand for more collegiate institutions devoted especially to women will doubtless prompt our rich men to build and endow other colleges where the daughters of the land may obtain all the advantages that for so many years have been freely offered to the young men of the United States.

Now that the experiment has been fully and fairly tried, it must be conceded that a collegiate education has worked no ill in the case of our young women. In fact, it has been but the natural outgrowth of the progress of our common-school system. The old primary department, in which the rudiments were taught to the last generation, has been supplemented by the grammar-school, and that, in its turn, has opened the road to a chain of Normal Colleges that reaches through the land. Having once tasted the tree of knowledge, it was but natural that our keen, bright sisters should desire to peep into the lore hitherto kept closed to them, while it was opened at will to their brothers. In the last thirty years, the whole nation has taken a mighty impulse onward in the matter of education. Our great universities and leading colleges have raised their standard of admission to an unprecedented height, and have made their examinations effective and searching. New schools of science has been opened in all directions. Special causes of study have lightened the tedium of the old classical high road. In the midst of these changes, woman saw her opportunity, and, stepping forward, asked if there were any good reason why she should not be admitted to all the rights and privileges of a student, as accorded to the masculine part of creation. None could say Nay to so sensible a request, though some were doubtful as to the effect upon herself of "too much learning." They feared that, as Festus said of St. Paul, it "might make her mad." However, the experiment has been made, and no injury has been wrought. The woman of the future is to show the world that she can wear a scholastic degree gracefully.

It is to be hoped that the example set by the Massachusetts college in the matter of household duties may be imitated elsewhere. The woman who goes into her library with the keys of knowledge in her hands ought also to be qualified to go into the kitchen and direct its workings. There is something attractive to the masculine heart—which is said to lie very close to the digestive organs—in the rosy sophomore rolling out biscuit, and the plump senior measuring raisins for a pudding. The heroes of their dreams would not for the world have these young women despise their books, but still less would they

wish to see them ignorant of household duties and neglectful of the cares of home. If training in these useful arts can be made to take, in the case of women, the place occupied by rowing, fencing and other athletic sports among young men, the college curriculum will be evenly filled out. The friends of advanced education for women believe that it can be done, and have begun their experiment on a grand scale. They deserve success. Their plan aims at the highest usefulness as well as the most extensive culture. If the woman of the future fails to become a good cook and neat housewife, as well as a successful scholar, it will not be for want of opportunity and training.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

THE immense surplus of the agricultural productions of the Northwestern States are first collected at Milwaukee, Chicago, Toledo, and other ports on the great lakes, whence they flow towards the eastern outlet of Lake Erie. This outlet is the Niagara River, which unfortunately is not navigable by reason of the Falls. To supply the place of a natural outlet, besides the great trunk lines of railroad, the Erie and Welland Canals have been constructed. The former turns the grain of the West towards New York, and the latter carries it to Montreal, through the waters of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River and canals. The railroads convey the grain to New York, Boston, Montreal, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

If we draw a line running north and south through Cleveland, O., it will be found that on an average of years the greater part of the grain which crosses it in going from West to East is consumed in Canada and the United States. Under the present perfection of railroad management, almost every town in Canada, New England and the Middle States, through which the locomotive passes, may have a carload of wheat, flour, corn, oats or barley, brought within its borders direct from the West. Hence it is that, enormous as the foreign exports are, they are surpassed by the grain brought eastward for home consumption. We find that in the year 1874 there were moved on the canals of New York, 1,772,583 tons of agricultural products; on the Welland Canal, 623,609 tons; on the New York Central Railroad, 1,678,476 tons of vegetable food, and on the Erie Railroad, 791,265 tons of vegetable food. If we add to these quantities the grain carried over the Grand Trunk, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio Roads, we have a total of more than six millions tons, which with slight exceptions, are all carried eastwards. If, now, we deduct from the total exports of the United States the grain shipments from California and Oregon, it will appear that the entire quantity of flour and grain exported from the States east of the Rocky Mountains scarcely exceeds three million tons, which proves the statement with which we started this paragraph to be a true one.

During the last twenty years two great changes have taken place in the grain trade. The first of these is the supply of all the interior cities and country towns of the Eastern and Middle States by direct railroad communication with the West. This is the reason why New York city has not the same overshadowing importance it formerly had as a market for Western products. Boston and Philadelphia are very large cities, and each, with the towns and cities dependent on it, requires for its proper consumption many millions of bushels. Formerly grain and flour used to be received at New York by the Erie Canal and forwarded from here to Boston and Philadelphia, but of late years railroad communication has so much improved that the latter cities are now furnished directly from Buffalo, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis without resort to the canal. The other great change is the growth of the demand from Great Britain and other foreign markets. Previously to 1860 Great Britain seldom imported more than 20,000,000 cwt. of wheat and wheat-flour in one year. For the last four years the total imports of that kingdom have been at the rate of 50,000,000 cwt. a year.

Apprehensions are frequently expressed lest the enlargement of the Welland Canal will divert the export grain trade from New York. These fears seem to us not well founded. The import trade of Canada with Europe and the West Indies is prosperous, and it will always be the case during the season of navigation that vessels coming to Montreal and Quebec will be able to obtain cargoes of grain for a trip across the Atlantic. But the whole foreign trade of Montreal and Quebec is but a small fraction of that of New York, and under ordinary circumstances the grain taken out from the St. Lawrence can be only that which the shipping employed in the import trade will accommodate. The statistics show that in 1873 Great Britain received 4,315,709 cwt. of wheat and wheat-flour from British North America, and 21,775,110 cwt. from the United States, and in 1874, 4,298,315 cwt. from British North America and 27,206,052 cwt. from the United States. If we go back thirteen years to 1862, when the grain imports were extraordinarily large for those times, we find that 5,118,698 cwt. of wheat and flour were imported from British North America and 21,765,087 cwt. from the United States. These

figures show that in the export grain trade the Canadians have not yet succeeded in increasing their share at the expense of the United States. The statistics also show that in 1862 the Welland Canal carried 729,149 tons of agricultural products, which is the largest year's business of that kind ever done by the canal. In 1874 the canal carried only 623,609 tons of agricultural products, and a comparison of this quantity with that carried in 1862 shows the same fact, viz.: that the Welland Canal has not yet enabled the Canadians to increase their proportion of the exports of the grain grown in the Northwestern States.

Lastly, we may mention a fact which we have never seen noticed in discussions on this subject. A good proportion of the wheat and wheat-flour exported from the United States to Canada is consumed in Canada. In other words, the Dominion imports greater quantities of wheat and flour than she exports, and as her population and trade increase, and manufactures are established, the deficiency, like that of New York and New England, will constantly increase. Hence these elaborate comparisons of the receipt of grain at Montreal, showing that they increase faster than those of New York, do not prove so much a diversion of trade as they do the growth of a market on this side of the Atlantic.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING OCTOBER 30, 1875.

Monday.....114 1/2 @ 115 1/2	Thursday.....116 1/2 @ 116 1/2
Tuesday.....115 1/2 @ 115 1/2	Friday.....116 1/2 @ 116 1/2
Wednesday.....115 1/2 @ 116	Saturday.....115 1/2 @ 116 1/2

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE IN OHIO has swollen Hayes's majority to 6,549.

A FRENCH IRONCLAD BLOWN UP.—The famous French ironclad *Magenta*, the flagship of the Vice-Admiral commanding at Toulon, caught fire on Saturday, and ultimately exploded. No lives were lost. In present circumstances the loss of the *Magenta* must be regarded as a calamity to the French Government.

SEVERAL LEADING FRENCH DRAMATISTS have entered the competition announced last April for a drama based on the American Revolution, and suitable for representation at Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. Sixty-seven manuscript plays have already been sent to Theodore Michaelis, who offered the prize. French dramatists will be apt to Frenchify queerly enough our Revolutionary heroes and heroines.

RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK city commands among our people more than a mere transit-ory interest, if we may judge by the eagerness with which, on October 29th, when the books were opened at the Corn Exchange Bank for the subscription of \$2,000,000 of capital stock, twenty-six capitalists took the whole amount in half an hour. It is hardly credible that the secret motive of these capitalists was to acquire such a control of the stock as to enable them to disappoint the popular desire for rapid transit, and to perpetuate the oppressive monopolies of existing city railroads.

PETROLEUM JELLY, or Vaseline, is one of the most singular and interesting of the many new articles exhibited at the American Institute Fair. Pure, beautiful, and entirely free from taste or odor, it is yet made from the crude, dark oil that flows from the earth. After critical examination and test, it is rapidly passing into general use, both in medicine and in the arts. One strong claim of this decided novelty is that it is unchangeable and will never become rancid, and is, therefore, the first modern reliable base for pomades, cerates and ointments. Pomade Vaseline, or pure Vaseline, exquisitely perfumed, promises to be a popular emollient.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., October 26th, destroyed a large portion of the town, made ten thousand people homeless, burned a large quantity of valuable mining machinery, and threatened for a time to cause still more serious financial calamities, by preventing or postponing for a considerable period the development of a number of productive silver mines. Happily, the worst of these apprehensions were not realized. The fire did not enter any of the mines. Some of the most valuable properties escaped injury. The appeals for relief to the homeless inhabitants of Nevada, however, are nevertheless urgent, and should meet with a hearty response.

ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2d, the people of over one-half the States in the Union chose public officers to fill important stations. Several of these States elected their Legislatures, and as many vacancies will occur in the United States Senate early in 1877, by reason of the expiration of the terms of members of that body, unusual interest belongs to the political complexion of the State Senates and Assemblies which will meet for the first time in January. State officers were to be chosen in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Mississippi, all having Governors to elect except Mississippi and New York. In Illinois, Tennessee, Kansas, New Jersey, and a few other States, the elections were confined to legislative, judicial and county officers. In New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, prohibition tickets were submitted to the voters. The results of these elections will be indicated, before we go to press again, by telegraphic dispatches all over the country, but will not be officially proclaimed, in some cases, until January. At this present writing, the most weather-wise politicians abstain from over-positive predictions. If they prophesy at all, their wish is manifestly father to their hope.

DOLAN'S DOOM.—The murderer of James H. Noe has at last been found, and without unnecessary delay brought to justice. The knowledge of the

fact ought to be, and no doubt is, a relief to the public mind. A more brutal attack than that which was made upon the unfortunate gentleman in his own store on that sad Sunday has rarely been chronicled in the columns of the newspapers. How the murderer mashed his victim's head, gagged, and pinioned him, plundered to his heart's content, washed his blood-stained hands in view of the stunned and bleeding man, and when asked for a glass of water, coolly replied, "No, sir; I'd get twenty years if I'd do that!"—all that is fresh in our memories. It did for a time seem as if the monster was to remain undiscovered. Happily the police have in this case been successful. We have often blamed them in these columns for failing in their duty. When they do well, we are always willing to give them praise. In this case they have done nobly. Let us hope that we have entered upon better times, and that burglars and murderers will be less safe in New York than they have been for so many years past. Dolan's example ought to have a healthful influence on the men of his class.

THE LATE ISAAC M. SINGER is commemorated by the newspapers, and particularly by the New York Times, as a sewing-machine inventor who made an enormous fortune, which he did his utmost to spend, but of which nearly \$13,000,000 were unavoidably left behind him when he died, not many months ago. The proceedings attending the probate of his will have disclosed the fact that he practiced what he preached, viz., that the highest duty a husband can perform is to present his wife with a sewing-machine. Moreover, as the perpetual presentation of successive sewing-machines to the same wife comes to wear, after a time, the air of a work of supererogation, Mr. Singer met this difficulty boldly. He added continually to his stock of wives, and was thus able to enjoy year after year the sweet satisfaction of presenting a new wife with a new machine. It is sad, says the Times, to think how often the acts of a truly benevolent man are made the occasion of unseemly and covetous wrangling. Having amassed five wives, Mr. Singer died and went where the controversy between lock-stitch and chain-stitch, and the war between single-thread and double-thread are for ever ended. He left his five wives amply supplied with sewing-machines, with patent hemmers, rufflers, and everything that ought to make them happy. It did not, however, occur to him to divide his \$13,000,000 among them. On Friday, October 29th, one of these wives came into court to urge her claims to be the only original Mrs. Singer, and therefore entitled to the whole of that trifling amount. There are other original Mrs. Singers to be heard before the Surrogate can decide who is to have the \$13,000,000. Meanwhile the Times deduces this moral from the life of Mr. Singer: That the most conscientious discharge of man's highest duty in connection with sewing-machines cannot insure peace and happiness. Men who heap up to themselves unlimited wives merely in order to give them machines must expect to have their motives misconstrued and their acts misrepresented.

RAILROAD COMPANIES AND THE PUBLIC.—Since our last issue the Coroner's jury have returned a verdict in the case of the death of the late Mr. Frederick Hudson. The Railroad Company is exonerated from blame, on the ground that the flagman at the crossing where the accident occurred used every possible effort to warn the gentlemen of their danger. Mr. Hudson and Judge Keyes had, it seems, been engaged in earnest conversation, and had failed to notice in time the flagman's signal. The jury, however, very properly add to this finding "that the dividing of a train into two or more parts before passing over a crossing of a public street, as was done in this case, and which is a common practice on other railroads, renders such crossing still more dangerous to the public travel, and ought not to be allowed without sufficient protection by a gate or gates." This is a very sensible addition to the finding which exonerates the Company. The practice condemned is full of peril. The locomotive, without in the least slackening its speed, is suddenly uncoupled, and then, released from the train, darts ahead until it branches off at what is called a "flying switch." A minute afterwards the train comes thundering along the main track with unchecked velocity. It is natural enough for any party to make the mistake which was evidently made by the deceased and his friend. Seeing the engine and tender pass, the inference was that the course was clear. Such a state of things is altogether wrong, and ought not to be allowed to continue. It is difficult, indeed, to understand how a railroad company should be held guiltless for permitting such a practice in a public thoroughfare. If they are justified by law in doing so, it is certainly high time that the law were changed. Such a disaster as that which befell Mr. Hudson and his friend ought not to be possible. The blame unquestionably rests on the railroad companies; but it rests also upon those who make our laws, and it rests, finally, with the people themselves. It is to be hoped that the untimely death of Mr. Hudson—a man of fine talents, in the full prime of a ripe manhood, and when it was understood he was about to enter anew on a career of public activity and usefulness—will have the effect of leading to inquiry into the general practice of railroad companies, and to the amendment of the laws, if necessary.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S SPEECH.—The election is over, but, nevertheless, ex-Governor Seymour's speech on Thursday last to the Kings County Democracy is important enough to demand special notice. Governor Seymour has a clear insight into our financial disorders and the nature of the present business depression, and is satisfied that the main cause of the break-down in our career of apparent prosperity is debt. Not debt of any particular kind, but debt of all sorts—National, State, Municipal, corporate and private. The amount of indebtedness which subsisted two years ago, and which still subsists, was, and is, too great for the good of the people. A man who has money owing to him by the United States, the State or City of New York, a solvent

railroad corporation or an honest private debtor, counts it at all times as part of his wealth. But who, in "flush times," deducts from the amount of his possessions the vast indebtedness of the United States, or that of the City of New York? Even the insolvent individual, by the imaginary values which he puts upon his assets, conceals his true condition not merely from others, but even from himself, as long as he possibly can. Hence it is that the existence of a vast amount of public and private indebtedness, especially when the volume of that indebtedness is increasing—as, with the possible exception of the last two years, has been the case ever since the beginning of the war—gives rise to a corresponding amount of fictitious wealth. The holder of a United States bond, or of a greenback, counts the bond or the money as part of his fortune, but no one deducts anything from his property on account of the mortgage which the public debt has spread over the whole country. So likewise the private debtor passes for a man of wealth long after he has ceased to be able to pay sixty cents on the dollar of his liabilities. Governor Seymour, clearly perceiving the evils of excessive debt, is in favor of a rapid reduction of National, State and Municipal obligations. In this the Governor is quite right. Where the United States apply \$50,000,000 to the payment of their bonds, the effect of the necessary taxation is entirely different from what it is where a similar sum is applied to the expenses of Government. In the former case the community have the benefit of the \$50,000,000 of new capital which the bondholders receive in return for the bonds they surrender. The most of this capital, if it had been left among the tax-payers, would not have been saved, but consumed. It would have gone for spirits, tobacco, sugar, etc. If paid away to office-holders it is equally consumed. No one objects to the people's having good things, but, as the bondholders are the creditors of the nation, it certainly is entirely right to pay them, and it is for the permanent benefit of the people at large that they should be paid as speedily as possible.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE new City Hall at Baltimore, Md., was dedicated on the 25th ult. For the first time the free postal delivery was declared self-supporting. A bronze statue of "Stonewall" Jackson was unveiled at Richmond, Va., on the 26th ult. A great fire broke out in Virginia City, Cal., on the 26th ult., destroyed ten business blocks, and rendered 10,000 people homeless. Dr. Cyrus Foss, the new President of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., was formally installed on the 26th ult. The New York State Centennial Board issued an address to the people of the State. Colorado will be admitted as a State in time to vote for the next President. In the ocean yacht race between the *Mohawk* and the *Dauntless* the latter won. The jury in the trial of Nolan, for the murder of Mr. Noe, of Greenwich Street, New York city, brought in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged December 10th. President Grant appointed November 25th as a day of thanksgiving. The great Union Pacific Railroad suit against the Government was again argued before the Supreme Court. An enthusiastic ratification meeting was held at Tammany Hall, New York, on the 28th ult. Tweed's counsel filed amended answers in the civil suits against him. The Baltimore elections, which resulted in a Democratic victory, will be contested by the Reformers. Brigham Young was arrested by the United States Marshal for refusing to pay alimony and counsel fees to his wife, Ann Eliza, pending her suit for divorce. A receiver was appointed for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The Rev. Dr. Fulton, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, resigned his pastorate. Returns indicate a majority for the new State Constitution in Missouri.

FOREIGN.

THE twenty-first anniversary of the Balaklava charge was celebrated by the survivors at London. A further body of 7,000 Spanish troops was sent to Cuba. Russia will limit the articles to be sent to the Centennial to specialties little known abroad. A new Spanish Ministry will be formed soon, after which the King will again take the field. The Secretary of the Santo Domingo Treasury reported the Republic in a bankrupt condition. It was decided to bury the remains of Gailbird at Montreal on the 18th of November. The Government of the State of Panama was overthrown, and a Provisional one established without the shedding of blood. An attempt will be made to reconcile the Vatican to the new order of religious affairs in Germany. The British Parliament was prorogued until December 15th. Count Von Arnim's physicians report that he is too feeble to endure the imprisonment to which he was sentenced. The German Parliament was opened on the 27th ult. A second insurrection broke out in Khokand, and the new Khan fled for his life. At the opening of the Mexican Congress it was reported that five persons who participated in the murder of the American missionaries in 1870 had been executed. Newfoundland is seeking admission into the Canadian Confederation. The Canadian loan of over \$12,000,000 was speedily subscribed in London. A report gained currency in Madrid that Don Carlos had shot General Doregaray, his most efficient officer. The Spanish Government demanded both the Cuban steamer *Uruguay* and her cargo. Abyssinia was invaded by the Egyptian troops. A firm of iron masters in Leeds, England, employing 10,000 men, will suspend on Nov. 15th. The commission of foreign consuls are agreed that Turkey is incapable of pacifying Herzegovina, and that foreign intervention is necessary.

OBITUARY.

OCTOBER 23d.—At Hot Springs, Ark., the Hon. S. M. Fite, elected member of Congress to succeed the late J. W. Hunt, of Tennessee. Neither occupied the seat to which he was elected.

27th.—At Newtonville, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. William Arthur, formerly pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church at Albany. He was the father of General Chester A. Arthur, Collector of the Port of New York.

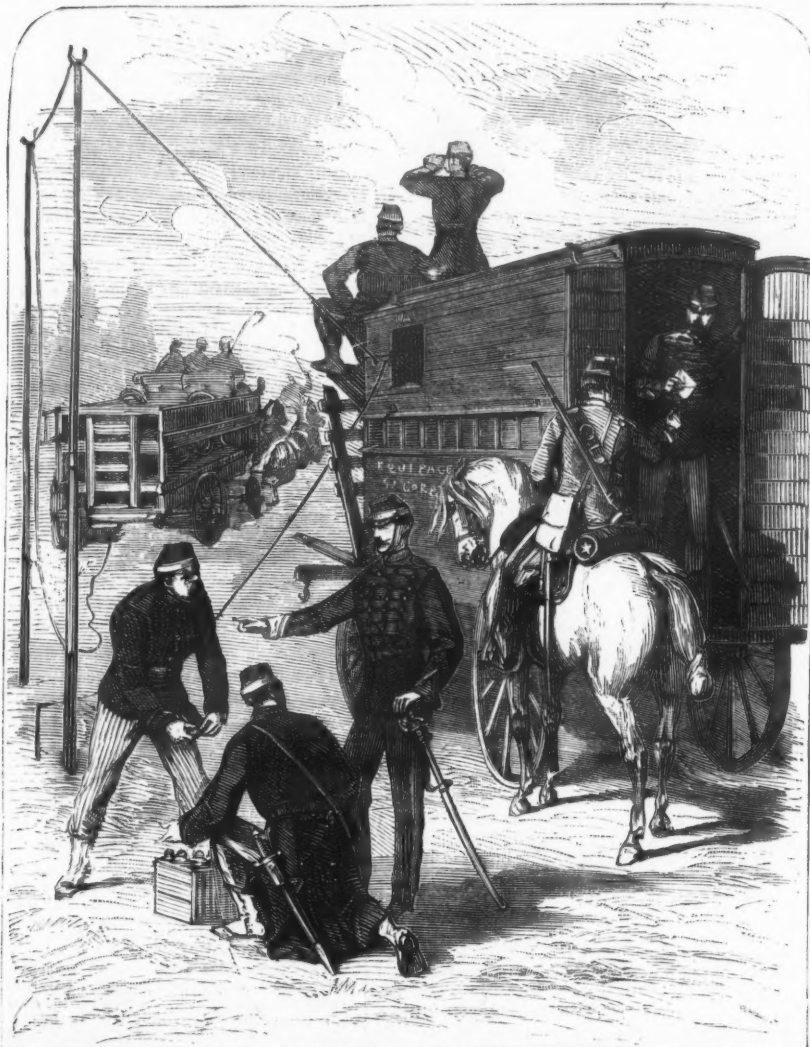
29th.—At North Bridesfield, Mass., the Hon. Amasa Walker, aged 76 years. He was a leader in the old Free-soil Party, a strong Anti-slavery man, and a distinguished political economist.

29th.—In New York city, Zeno Secor, aged 67. He was the head of the firm which built a large number of ironclads for the navy during the rebellion.

29th.—In New York city, Howard W. Glover, musician and composer, aged 58.

30th.—At San Francisco, Cal., the Hon. James Oles, Mayor of the city.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



FRANCE.—AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE FRENCH ARMY—THE NEW MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS.



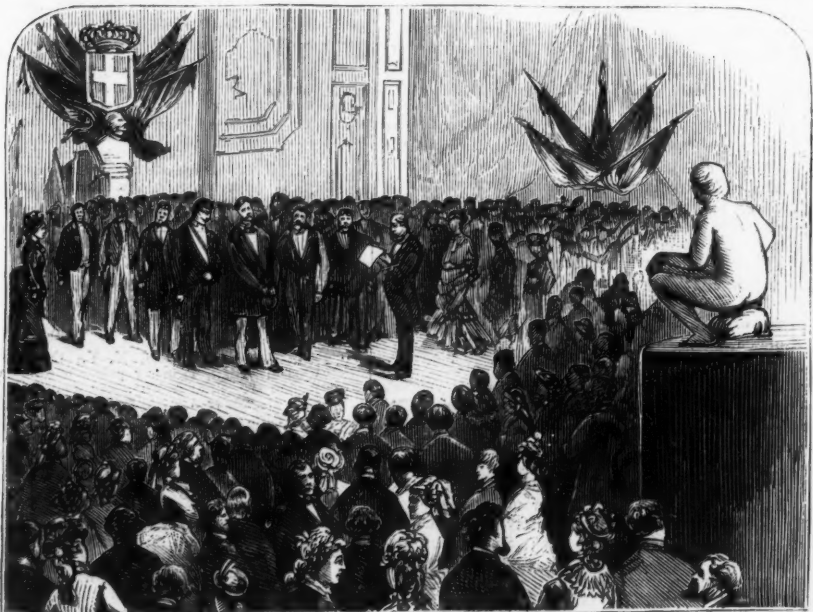
THE WAR IN SPAIN.—FRENCH GENDARMES DISARMING CARLIST REFUGEES ON FRENCH TERRITORY.



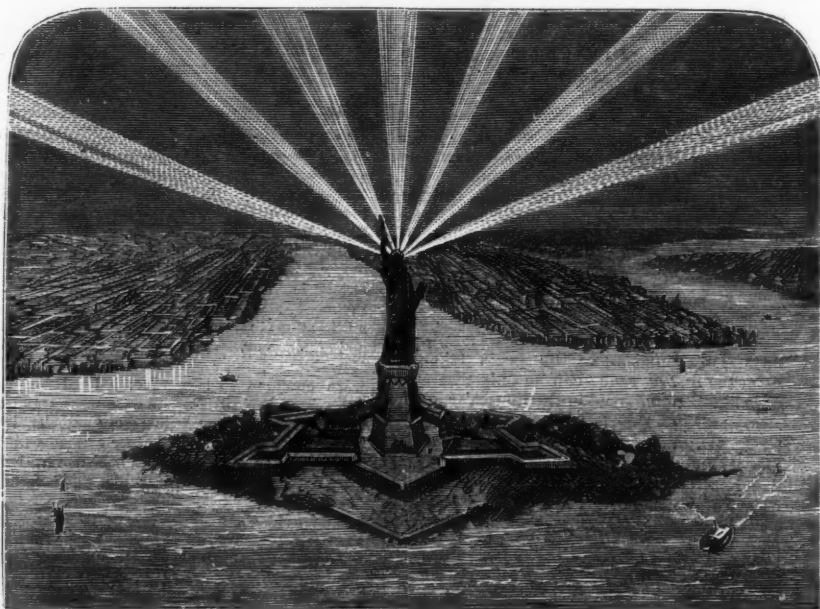
FRANCE.—AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE FRENCH ARMY—MARSHALS MACMAHON AND CANROBERT, GENERALS DE CISSEY AND LEBRUN, AND THE STAFF OFFICERS, AT BREAKFAST IN A BARN NEAR RÉANVILLE.



HERZEGOVINA.—ATTACK UPON A TURKISH CONVOY BY THE INSURGENT PRIEST GARELO, IN THE VALLEY OF THE MAJEVITZA.



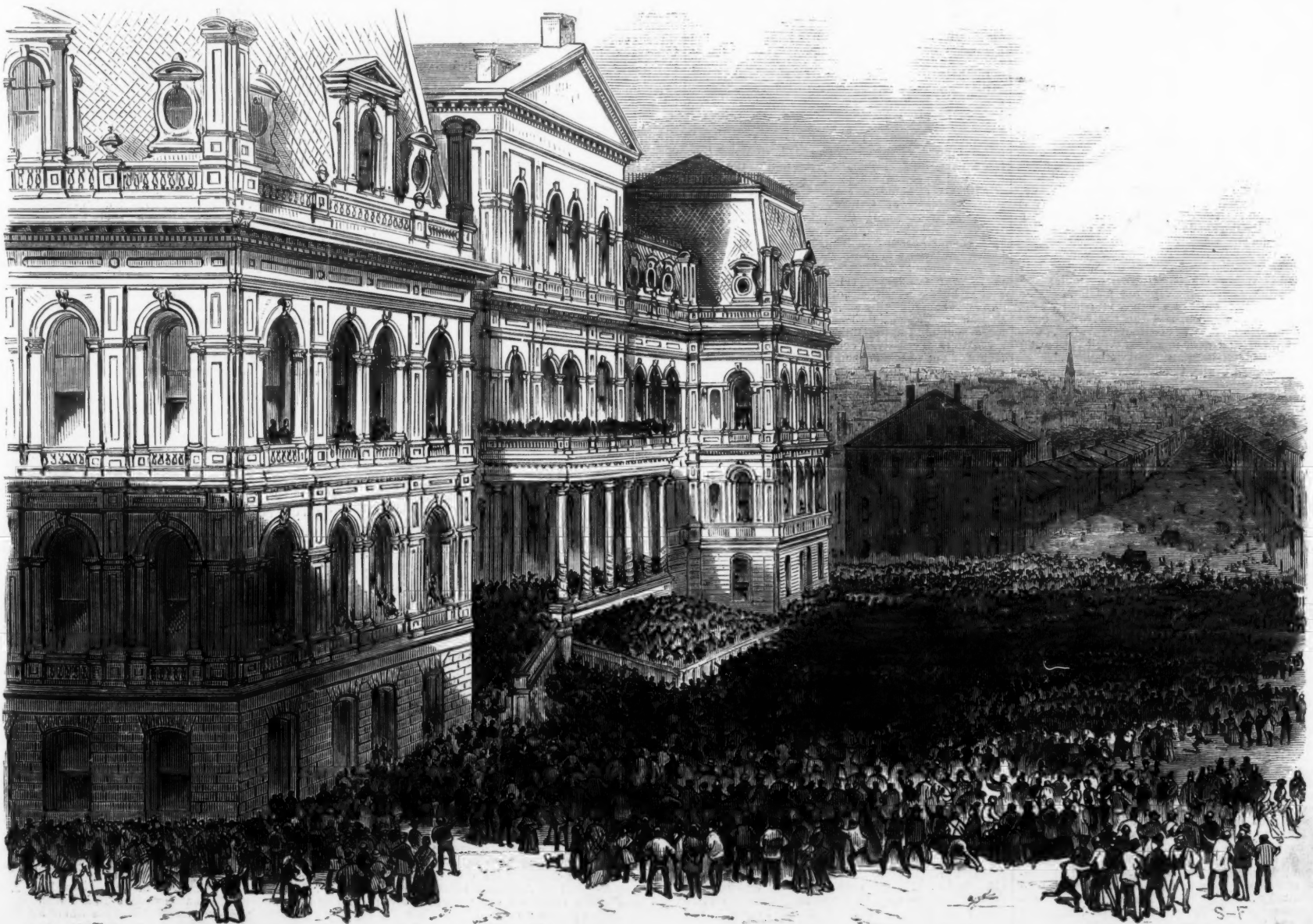
ITALY.—MEETING OF THE SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS AT PALERMO.



"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD"—THE MONUMENT WHICH FRENCH ADMIRERS OF AMERICA PROPOSE TO ERECT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.



RICHMOND, VA.—UNVAILING THE STATUE OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON IN CAPITOL SQUARE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. H. ANDERSON, RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 154.



BALTIMORE, MD.—DEDICATION OF THE NEW CITY HALL, BY THE STATE AND MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES, MONDAY, OCTOBER 26TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. J. EDMONSON, BALTIMORE.—SEE PAGE 155.

AMONG THE GLACIERS.

LAND of the Beacon hills that flame up white,
And spread as from on high a word sublime,
How is it that upon the roll of Time
Thy sons have rarely writ their names in light?

Land where the voices of loud waters throng,
Where avalanches strike the mountain's side—
Here men have wiv'd and toil'd, have wept and died,
And all in silence hearken'd to thy song.

Is it the vastness of the temple frowning
On changing symbols of the artist's faith?
Is it the volume of the music drowning
The utterance of his frail and fleeting breath,

That shames all forms of worship and of praise,
Save the still service of laborious days?

AN OLD-FASHIONED RIFLE MATCH.

BY FREDERIC GARRETSON, M.D.

THE clever author of "Dame Europa's School" should give us a picture of the big boys of the world on the playgrounds of Wimbledon, Dollywood and Creedmoor. Johnny the Neutral would be there, neutral as ever, but William the Lions would be eating his pie in his own corner, with his pocket full of *bon-bons* taken from his beaten, but unconquered, neighbor across the Rhine, who is too busy wiping his bloody nose and getting ready for another shy at William to care much for fun. Three new boys are on the ground, all in jolly good humor, and bantering each other, and the dignified John, to play at a dangerous old game in a safe way. There is no harm in throwing innocent lead at unoffending targets; so there is nothing to stand in the way of compliments all round when one or another of the boys makes a good hit. John, the old head boy of the school, has had his eyes opened by the play of his *fag* Patrick, his country cousin Jonathan and his poor relation from the St. Lawrence.

Seeing this old game played in the new way, with all the modern improvements, brings before us in striking contrast, an old-fashioned rifle match in "Old Virginia," in the times when Remington and tangent-sights were not, and "long range" was one hundred yards. It was at a "cross-roads" in Eastern Virginia, where stood a blacksmith-shop and a "store." The smith was a black man, a slave of Squire Scott, and shared his gains with his master; for at that time no American citizen was of African descent, and the voice of the carpet-bagger was unheard in the land. The store was, however, kept by a "Yankee"; for Mr. Soaper was among the first of the boys who ventured from the granite hills of New Hampshire to drive bargains with the slaves and slave-holders of tide-water Virginia.

One fine morning there was more than usual of speculation in the eye of Mr. Soaper, as he sat on an empty box in front of his store whittling nothing in particular out of a piece of pine shingle. He was calculating the profits on the quarter of beef and the turkeys which he offered as prizes at the shooting-match to come off that day at the cross-roads.

The beef was of his own raising; the turkeys were bought from the negroes of the surrounding plantations, paid for mostly in cheap calicoes, tobacco or whisky, and "no questions asked." More than suspecting the nature of his transactions with the negroes, the planters tolerated, rather than liked, Mr. Soaper as a neighbor; but, in the absence of proof, he was treated with the courtesy habitual to the gentlemen of that day and country. The negroes stole more frequently from other planters than from their own masters; and though they readily availed themselves of Mr. Soaper's offers to "trade," they spoke of him, out of his hearing, as "po' white trash"—that being their term of contempt for any white man who owned no slaves, and worked with his own hands for a living.

First arrived the county surveyor, a plain, substantial-looking man in a suit of gray homespun. Giving his horse to a fat negro boy who had been sunning himself on the grass, he took a tape-line from his pocket, and, with the storekeeper's assistance, proceeded to measure off one hundred yards, against the sun, from a huge pine-tree that stood alone in the "clearing." The line for the marksmen fell under the shade of an old oak close by the store and the roadside.

Down the sandy road dashed four young men, finely mounted, and good riders; they were closely followed by their servants, mounted on mules, and carrying the guns of their young masters. Soon after the older gentlemen came in one by one, at a more sober pace, and the party was completed by the arrival of Doctor Waller, who whirled up to the door in a light "sulky," having his gun and saddle-bags strapped on behind.

Meantime, old Lewis, the blacksmith, had nailed to the pine-tree one of the targets—a pine board ten inches square, with concentric rings one inch apart, and a black "bull's-eye" of two inches diameter in the centre. The fat boy had also made the no less essential preparation of "mint-juleps" in the back room of the store, to which all hands adjourned before proceeding to business.

The rules for shooting were few and simple. Three shots each, with any gun, rifled or smooth-bore, and single ball, fired without a rest of any kind. There was no lying down in gymnastic "back" or "front" positions, but plain fair and square stand-up and off-hand shooting.

Now Doctor Waller had recently returned from Europe, bringing with him a short, heavy, silver-mounted German rifle, with which he fully expected to astonish the natives, who had only the long, small-bored old-fashioned sporting rifles. He was, therefore, not particularly well pleased after several rounds, to find his score second best, being several points below that of Max Clayton, a tall, sun-browned young planter with an antiquated long rifle, whose broken old stock was secured by a wrapping of whip-cord.

These two were interrupted in a lively discussion of the relative merits of round and conical balls, by a shout of, "Here comes Uncle Billy! Let's hear what he has to say about it."

The person announced as Uncle Billy was coming up the road on foot, walking with a long, free stride, quite different from the rather lounging gait of the Eastern men, who rarely used their legs when horse or vehicle could be obtained.

He was an old Blue Ridge mountaineer, on a visit to a relation in the "low-grounds," as he called the tide-water region. He had never even rubbed his back against the walls of Randolph, Macon, William and Mary, or the University; but he was respected by all for his sound integrity of character, and strong common sense. A suit of blue "Kentucky jeans" clothed his spare but muscular frame, heavy cowhide boots covered his large feet, and a few grizzled locks strayed from the cover of his combskin cap, under which shone clear gray eyes, undimmed by his sixty years.

Returning the salutations of the jovial group with

a grave nod, the old man sat down on a projecting root of the tree, threw his rifle across his knees, and silently bit off a liberal quid from his twist of tobacco.

The question in dispute was stated to him as well as it could be by both parties talking at once, and Uncle Billy paused for reflection before he fired, with unerring aim, a stream of tobacco-juice upon an unlucky caterpillar, and replied:

"Well, boys, I never did set much store by them e-longated balls, myself. I got a lot of 'em wunst, down to Lynchburg, an' tried 'em for a spell arter bar an' deer. My old *Screamer* here totes a right smart chunk o' lead, yer see; but mebbe she did fetch an old buck a little more sartin on a long shot, with them slugs—which I lay it to the left into 'em. But I reckon there ain't nothin' better than a true round ball and a well-greased patch, fur sitch fancy work as you boys are doin' here."

This was a long speech for the old man, and he had little more to say, till the doctor, with pardonable pride, handed over his new *Yager*, saying: "How do you like that, Uncle Billy?"

The veteran hunter turned the piece over, muttering to himself: "Too 'tarnal much gingerbread work on to her for me; looks like good finish in the bar'l, though; fast-rate lock, too; but, hello! what's this here slidin' Gunter fur?" said he, pointing to the elevating back-sight.

Its use having been explained, the old man shook his head very gravely.

"May do for sojers, and sitch fellers," said he; "but up our way we learn to look fust, and then to shoot whar' we look!"

The full meaning of this remark was more clear when Uncle Billy, after some persuasion, consented to shoot one round at the target.

"I don't want yer beef, boys," said he, "and when I go fur turkey-meat I don't shoot at a board fur it. But I don't keer if I take a hand agin the doctor's high Dutch consarn there, jest fur the fun fust, an' the applejack for the crowd arterwards."

The doctor accepted the challenge, stepped to the line, and made the best score yet recorded. Uncle Billy then rose slowly, toed the mark, and dropped his rifle into his left hand, muzzled down, while his right grasped the small of the stock, and the forefinger rested on the guard. It was now evident that he "looked fust"; his glance traversed the ground from his feet to the target, and then his clear eye never wavered from the centre, while his rifle slowly and steadily rose to the mark. "Pulled rather quick," he muttered, as the ball struck in line, but an inch below the bull's-eye. The next shot was worse, for something disturbed the old man's aim, and his ball went to the left, far enough to give the doctor a good chance for victory, which he did not fail to enjoy in advance.

The third time, as before, the old hunter fixed his eye on the mark, never looking at his gun till it rose to the line of sight, and firing the instant it did so. As the bullet "nailed the centre," Uncle Billy quietly chuckled. "Boys, I'm to look fust, and then shoot whar' you look. Come, boys, let's licker up!"

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CABINET.

WE took occasion recently to express our views on the expediency of reconstructing and enlarging the Executive Departments of the Government in such wise as to bring certain of the great industrial interests of the Commonwealth, now not sufficiently considered, more immediately and effectually under the official supervision of the Cabinet. In that connection we alluded to the overburdened condition of the public service, and the unsystematic grouping of subjects in the Department of the Interior; which Department, in view of its own efficiency, required relief from the multiplicity and diversity of the subjects committed to its administration.

In the same connection it was shown that the great national interests of *Agriculture, Mining, and Public Education* are, and always have been, treated as of such subordinate moment as to receive no suitable representation in the Executive Departments of the Government; and that the general good of the Commonwealth demanded a more exact and systematic attention to the guidance and development of those great interests; and that this could be effected only through the instrumentality of Cabinet Ministers specially charged by law with the care and supervision thereof.

It was furthermore shown that, by reason of the immense increase of those special interests under the great growth and development of the country, they now stand in such relation to the administration of public affairs, as not only to justify but to demand recognition by an independent representation in the Cabinet, no longer incidentally and as mere accidents appertaining to other matters, but as matters themselves constituting essential elements of our public economy, and of inconceivable consequence to the well-being of our political institutions.

We now refer once more to the subject of the enlargement of the Cabinet, for the purpose of presenting the claims of other branches of our national industry to like recognition, as being of such importance as to deserve to stand among the special subjects of national supervision by means of Cabinet administration; and these are the subjects of *Commerce and Transportation*.

Montesquieu said: "The grand enterprises of commerce are always necessarily connected with the affairs of the public." This philosophic truth, as to the necessary connection of commerce with public affairs, was fully recognized by the fathers of the Republic when they ordained in the Constitution of the United States that "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States." Its necessary connection with public affairs was of such significant importance to the common interests of the country as to give it conspicuous place among the special powers granted to the legislature of the nation by the provisions of the Constitution, and thereby withdrawing it from the jurisdiction of the municipal laws of the several States.

From the days of the Phenicians—that bold, thrifty and enterprising commercial people, whom we are taught to call "Canaanites," and whom even the generalship of Joshua, after a war of seventeen years, could not succeed in entirely driving out of the land, and from the strongholds of their commercial cities of Tyre and Sidon—down through all the ages, and through all lands, Pagan and Christian, commerce has been the great source of both national enrichment and of human civilization. Wherever it has been fostered, there it has flourished; wherever it has flourished, there it has returned its hundredfold of national power and political prosperity to the hand of the people that cherished it. Historic examples of all this among modern nations may be found in the commercial career of Venice, of Holland, of Portugal, of Spain, and of England.

It was a saying from the political wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh, that "whoever commands the sea, commands the trade of the world; and who-

soever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world, and, consequently, commands the world itself." Without sharing the ambitious conception indicated by this maxim of that renowned British statesman, as to the command of the world, and to England's achievement, of which he so greatly contributed, it is, nevertheless, a matter of the utmost import to this country to be able to share in the command of its due proportion of the trade of the world. This, amid the sharp rivalry of other nations, we cannot accomplish without extending to our commerce the fostering hand of our National Government. As to this, Montesquieu, with equal beauty and force, has said: "Commerce is sometimes destroyed by conquerors, sometimes cramped and crippled by governments. It traverses earth, and stays where it has liberty to breathe. At one time it reigns where formerly nothing was to be seen but deserts, seas and rocks; and where it once reigned and became neglected, now again there are seen only deserts, seas and rocks."

But the commerce of this country has no such physical impediments to encounter and overcome. On the contrary, every conceivable facility for commercial growth and greatness, which Nature in her most exuberant opulence could confer upon any land, has been conferred upon ours. In this regard, there is no other land like it. With coasts indented with spacious bays, of themselves almost inland seas, filled from the waters of both the great oceans of the globe, we stand looking out, on either hand, upon the other continents, midway between them all. Superadded to this, our whole vast interior area of more than three millions of square miles is channeled by natural navigable water-courses, lakes and rivers, such as the sun nowhere else shines upon; and these rolling their ample floods to the sea through boundless regions unrivaled for their healthfulness and fertility, we have no call for constructing the means for commercial greatness, such as the older nations spent infinite labor and treasure upon; we have only to utilize and develop the means with which the lavish prodigality of Nature has endowed us.

The practical question, then, is—Has our National Government, clothed by the Constitution with the most ample authority on the subject, so exercised its exclusive and undoubted jurisdiction as to wisely develop these resources, and to properly promote the growth of our national commerce? During the year 1874, as our statistics show, we exported of our domestic products to the value of \$627,117,124. In 1873 the total tonnage of our vessels afloat, sea-going and inland, amounted 4,696,027 tons. In our domestic commerce we had then, on lakes and rivers, 7,068 vessels (of all classes) with an aggregate tonnage of 1,444,404 tons. These items are but a few that might be cited to show the immensity of the interests involved in our national commerce. And even from these, is it not obvious that interests so immeasurably vast, and necessarily connected with public affairs, should be represented in the Cabinet through a department charged specially with the supervision and management thereof in such wise as to promote the growth and give systematic direction to the development of these incomparable resources?

And yet, these national interests, comprising values so immense, and involving enterprises so important and wide-reaching, have received only a disjointed and fragmentary representation in different executive departments—a bureau of "Commerce and Navigation" in the Treasury Department; of "Commercial Relations" in the State Department; and of "Inland Traffic and Transportation" in the Interior Department. That the subject of our national commerce could receive appropriate consideration, or even needful attention, under a system of administration so desultory and disconnected, cannot be presumed. For the proper and methodical care of this great national interest, there needs to be instituted a DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, through which communication with Congress and the nation may be full, frequent, explicit, and direct.

It is not strange that our commerce was injuriously affected by our civil war. In addition to the shipping withdrawn from service and laid up by the owners, there were other owners, more avicious, or less patriotic, who transferred their vessels, by nominal sales, to the flags of foreign nations, in order to avoid seizure by Confederate cruisers. From 1862 to 1865, inclusive, there were sold to foreigners, of our tonnage, 774,652 tons. The whole shrinkage of our tonnage, however, from 1860 to 1866 was almost two millions of tons, leaving us at the close of the war with but 3,368,479 tons. Nevertheless, with all the drawbacks complained of in reference to shipbuilding, it is gratifying to perceive that we have been making steady and considerable gains since the war. From 1866 to 1868 our gain was 49,830 tons. From 1868 to 1870 the gain was 101,866 tons. From 1870 to 1873 the gain was 159,520 tons. But our tonnage in 1873 was still less than in 1860 by 657,841 tons. This growth, however, has not proceeded from any special care bestowed by the Government; on the contrary, it has proceeded almost in spite of governmental neglect.

But this growth by no means keeps pace with the requirements of our commercial resources. Up to 1860, about eighty per cent. of our foreign commerce was carried on by American shipping; now, instead of that proportion, but a little over twenty-five per cent. of our foreign commerce is in American vessels. In 1872 we paid \$134,742,440 to foreign steamship companies alone as carriers of passengers and merchandise. And in all, we pay annually about \$200,000,000 to the merchant marine of foreign nations for service that, with proper care and due attention to the subject on the part of our Government, might be profitably performed by our own. But scarcely can it be expected that Congress, composed in most part of men little versed in the details of our commercial interests, can remedy the deficiencies and discreetly provide the appropriate measures for the protection and promotion thereof, unless fully and specifically informed concerning the same by frequent and direct communication with a cabinet officer charged by law with the supervision of the whole subject.

Among other things, we need an immediate and thorough revision of our navigation laws. Indeed, we can scarcely be said to have any that are not either obsolete or impracticable; and which are almost as frequently found prejudicial as beneficial to our merchant marine service. We have no system of apprenticeship to that service for the training of seamen as professional navigators, either before the mast or on the quarter-deck. The English apprentice plan keeps her merchant marine supplied with good navigators and able seamen. The crews of our merchant vessels have to be taken, in very many instances, from material that forms the worst class of city vagabondage and desperadoes, or sail unsupplied with crews. We have a law requiring that two-thirds of the crews of our merchant vessels shall be American citizens; yet we have seen whole crews on our vessels in foreign ports of whom every one was foreign born, and not one of them bore any evidence of American citizenship. We have likewise a law requiring that the master of an American vessel shall be a citizen of the United States; yet we have met in a foreign

port the master of an American ship who had no evidence of citizenship, and who could not speak the English language. These may seem minor matters; yet this lack of American seamen causes a material deficiency in seamanship, whereby due subordination becomes difficult, and safety to all interests concerned becomes endangered. And these are not evils of minor import to our foreign commerce.

Again: The subject of inland transportation has, of late years, become a matter of such transcendent importance to the public, as a constituent of our commerce, as to demand direct supervision by a Cabinet functionary. Concerning the authority of Congress over this subject, under the constitutional grant of "power to regulate commerce among the several States," there has formerly been some diversity of opinion. In his "Commentaries on the Constitution," Judge Story says: "Commerce, as used in the Constitution, is a unit, every part of which is indicated by the term." [Vol. II, p. 7.]

In conformity with this doctrine, now generally accepted by the judiciary of the country, the exercise of Congressional authority over inland waters and navigable streams has been frequent and unquestioned, even as to matters appertaining to navigation as a constituent of commerce. It would follow, that inter-State transportation is a subject amenable to the jurisdiction of Congress, in all things save as to municipal police regulation. This principle would seem to be recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States, when saying: "Beyond all question, the transportation of freight is a constituent of commerce." [15 Wallace Reports, p. 237.] And, if a constituent of commerce, it is therefore included in the unity of that word as used in the Constitution, and consequently under the regulating power of Congress.

Now, we have of Western steam navigation in the Mississippi Valley alone, to say nothing of the navigable streams appertaining to the coast systems of both the Atlantic and Pacific, full seventeen thousand miles. In Europe it is a recognized principle in engineering, that a stream having a volume of water nineteen feet wide and eighteen inches deep may be made navigable, and such streams are accordingly designated as navigable, or "commercial streams." If, under this principle, the additions be made of all within the Western Valley to the extent of those now actually navigated, the whole would exceed fifty thousand miles for commercial purposes. On those streams we now have more than seven thousand vessels, of all classes, aggregating a tonnage of one and a half millions of tons, engaged in inter-State commerce. Surely these are interests that may well claim recognition in the Executive Cabinet of the nation.

But, more than that: We have in the country about 72,000 miles of railroads—more than one-half of the whole railway mileage of the world; and which, in a continuous line, would thrice girdle the globe. For their construction and equipment there have been expended Four Thousand Millions of dollars—a sum equal to the whole wealth of the nation in 1840. In 1872 the earnings of these railroads amounted to \$473,241,055—an amount greater than the entire revenues of the Government for the same year. On them, during that year, there were moved products of the country to the value of *Ten Thousand Millions* of dollars. Now, this employment is public in its duties and obligations; it is inter-State in its operations; certainly as much a "constituent of commerce" as is transportation by navigable streams. And are interests of such immensity as these to be ignored by the National Government, as unsuited to a department in the executive administration?

Mr. Gladstone, late Premier of the British Ministry, a man singularly fitted, by both his learning and experience, to speak upon this matter, said: "A financial experience, long and wide, has convinced me that, as a rule, the State, individual or company thrives best which dives deepest down into the masses of the community, and adapts its arrangements to the wants of the greatest number." By this rule, Government would cease to be an abstraction, and become a co-worker with the people for the interests of the people. And this is precisely what the people of this nation demand of their Government. While we would not have our Government resolve itself into a mere railway directory, we would nevertheless have it actively and watchfully cognizant of the development of those vast commercial interests that now so seriously concern the public mind. A report from a Senate Committee stated, that "four men represent the great trunk lines of railway between New York and Chicago, and an additional charge at any time of five cents per bushel on the transportation of grain would equal a tax of \$45,000,000 on the crop of 1873." This is an amount that Government itself would not dare to assess on the same basis. And yet four individuals would have it in their power to do it. Is it presumed that competition would protect the interests of the public in this regard? Then how easily could this barrier be removed by a combination of common interests! Nay, these interests are too immeasurably vast, and too important to the wellbeing of the Republic, to be left to the chapter of accidents dictated by private interests and individual ambition. They imperatively require such reconstruction and enlargement of the Cabinet as to make them the subjects of immediate Governmental supervision.

THE "STONEWALL" JACKSON STATUE.

SOON after the close of the Rebellion a few gentlemen in England, who had long been admirers of the late General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, of the Confederate Army, gave a commission to John Foley, R.A., since deceased, for a bronze statue, of heroic size, of the brave soldier. Mr. Foley completed the model, and the casting, by the Messrs. Mansfield, of Chelsea, England, was nearly finished when the distinguished sculptor died. The statue was displayed at the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and then sent to this country, reaching Richmond about a month ago. The citizens raised a large amount of money by contribution to provide a suitable pedestal, which in time was placed a short distance from the Capitol.

The ceremonies of unveiling this elegant work of art occurred on Tuesday, October 24th, in the presence of an immense congregation. The city was in gala attire, decorations of every description were to be seen in all directions, embracing evergreens in every conceivable shape, festoonings of the national colors, appropriate inscriptions, banners and flags of many nations, the Federal and English colors predominating. At an early hour the principal streets began to present an animated appearance, the crowds augmenting steadily until the procession moved, by which time the sidewalks along the route of the march were crowded with surging masses, and every available place where a view could be had filled with eager spectators. The procession occupied an hour and a half in passing a given point, moving rapidly, and was composed of all the city military, infantry and artillery, visiting

companies from Norfolk, Petersburg, Charlottesville, Staunton, Williamsburg and North Carolina; the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, with their battery; the cadets of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg, Va.; the surviving members of many of the commands of the late war, including those of the Stonewall Brigade; Catholic societies of Richmond; the students of Richmond College, singing societies, etc.; besides a long cortege of carriages and other vehicles, containing many distinguished individuals. General Joseph E. Johnson was Chief Marshal, and General Harvey Heth his principal aid.

On arriving at the Capitol the procession was massed in the vicinity of the veiled statue and platform, from which the oration was to be delivered. After prayer by Bishop Doeggett, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Governor Kemper made an introductory address, in which he spoke in most feeling terms of the occasion, and in eulogy of Jackson. He concluded by introducing Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, of the Presbyterian Church, as orator of the day. The oration was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. As the last words of the speaker died away the veiling of the monument was suddenly withdrawn, and amid the thundering cheers of the multitude, the firing of musketry and booming of cannon, the bronze figure of Jackson greeted the gaze of assembled thousands. At this point General Page, of Norfolk, introduced to the crowd General Jackson's only child, a little girl of thirteen, who was received with loud and continued cheers. The ceremonies were concluded by the singing of Luther's Anthem, "A Castle of Strength is our Lord," by the Gesang Verein, of Richmond, the Philharmonic Associations, and other amateur singers, numbering nearly 150 male voices, accompanied by the combined bands that were in the procession. The city in the evening was brilliantly illuminated, and there was a gorgeous display of fireworks on Capitol Square.

The remains of General Jackson were buried in the village cemetery at Lexington in May, 1863. General Jackson's name was rendered famous by the great exploits of his brigade, and his own high character as a Christian and gentleman. His death was a serious loss to the Confederate cause, while among the Union Generals there were free expressions of respect for his kindness, bravery and unassuming manners.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

THE new City Hall, of Baltimore, Md., was dedicated on Monday, October 25th. His Excellency Governor Groome, the Judges of the Court of Appeals and the City Courts, and all the Municipal authorities, were present; and it was estimated that 100,000 people thronged the contiguous streets. The procession, composed of the State and Municipal authorities, the military, secret societies, and trade organizations, was very long.

Mayor Vansant, Chairman of the Building Committee, made an address showing the work of the committee: The entire cost of constructing the new City Hall was \$2,271,135.64. The aggregate expense incurred in furnishing the entire building was \$104,264.77, which included chandeliers, drapery, carpets, and furniture of every kind. The \$2,500,000 appropriated for its erection did not embrace the furnishing of it.

The structure covers an area of 35,462 square feet. It fronts on Holliday Street 238 feet, and on Fayette Street 149 feet. The height of the dome above the roadway of Holliday Street is 227 feet. The height of the building is 96 feet. The material is Maryland marble. In the construction neither labor nor necessary expense has been spared to render it perfect in beauty and durability. Yet at the same time considerations of economy have had their proper influences upon the committee, and it is safe to assert that there is not in the United States a building of similar dimensions, durability, beauty of materials, and workmanship, that has been erected for a similar amount of money. It stands as a monument of honor to the integrity of the city of Baltimore.

The dedicatory address was delivered by the Hon. J. H. B. Latrobe, and the exercises were continued in the evening.

THE NEW REVIVAL.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN BROOKLYN.

MR. MOODY is a native of New England, thirty-eight years old, and a Congregationalist by religious profession. In 1854 he obtained a situation in a Boston shoe-store, and it was during his short sojourn there that he became a regular attendant at church. Leaving Boston, he went to Chicago, engaged in business, and began his work as a missionary. He collected from the streets a large congregation of children, organized an efficient corps of teachers, and soon had under his control the most important mission enterprise in the West. His success was so rapid, that, in order to accommodate the hundreds that flocked to receive his instruction, he was obliged to engage a large hall, which was soon filled to overflowing. His style of teaching was most attractive. He was persuasive, sympathetic, and unusually considerate in the choice of his subjects, and the method of dealing with them. Cheerful music, bright pictures, simple and appropriate stories, and intense personal earnestness, were the chief elements of his success.

Finding this enterprise firmly established, he turned his attention to the condition of German, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, and other children of foreign birth or descent, and in a short time had gathered together an immense number of them. The field of his particular usefulness appeared so broad, and the necessity for his labor so urgent, that he was obliged to abandon his mercantile business and devote himself wholly to his mission work.

In 1861, when large military camps were established at Chicago, he began to work among the recruits, and as the war expanded his field was correspondingly enlarged. He organized the Western branch of the Christian Commission, and became its President. Throughout the war he was continually alternating between Chicago and the military field. Upon the close of that struggle he resumed his mission work.

The Young Men's Christian Associations held their annual Convention of 1871 at Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Moody attended. During the session he was attracted by the deep fervor of one singer, and sought an introduction. Thus the friendship and co-operation between Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had their birth.

Mr. Sankey is a native of Edinburgh, Pa., son of the Hon. David Sankey, and thirty-five years old. In 1866 he united with the Methodist denomination, and possessing a good voice, he determined to devote himself to Sunday-school singing. After his introduction to Mr. Moody he began to assist in the labors at Chicago, and continued there until both sailed for Europe last winter.

Returning in August, after conducting a series of

religious services in London, which for length of time, number of participants, and beneficence of result, was without parallel, they received invitations from every quarter of the United States to inaugurate a similar revival. Deciding at length to begin the work in Brooklyn, the Rink in that city was secured: fitted up at an expense of \$2,000; a stage was built capable of seating 500 people; a choir of 250 voices collected; and the services were opened on Sunday morning, October 24th, with an audience of at least 5,000 persons. Throughout the week the attendance increased so rapidly, that Mr. Talmage's Tabernacle was opened to accommodate those who could not find even standing-room in the immense Rink, both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey spending a short time at each place.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON BEER.

THE honor of having made the discovery of beer-brewing is ascribed to the Egyptians by all the ancient Greek writers. Herodotus (450 B.C.) is perhaps the first author who devoted much of his attention to Egypt, and he mentions that a beverage made of barley was the usual drink of the Egyptians then. Tradition has it that it was Osiris, King of Egypt (2,000 B.C.) who first introduced beer into his kingdom. According to ancient brewers' chronologies, the palm is yielded to Gambrinus in this respect, who was King over Flanders and Brabant. A book printed at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in 1550, and entitled "Chronika des Johannes Aventinus," purports giving a portrait of Gambrinus, and mentions this celebrity as a pupil of Osiris. Be this as it may, brewers in general look upon Gambrinus as their patron.

The Greek poets, Archilochus, Æschylus and Sophocles designate beer by the name of "barley wine." According to Dio, before the culture of the vine was introduced, a quantity of beer was prepared from barley in Spain, Gaul, and Pannonia. Plinius mentions that this beer was called "Cöla" in Spain, and "Cerevisia" in Gaul. The froth of this beverage was used for baking purposes in place of barm, and it was also used by the fair sex with a hope of preserving the beautiful tints of the skin.

Tacitus mentions that during his lifetime (or about the time that Jesus Christ was born) beer was the usual beverage of the Teutons (Germans), and although he gives us but a very poor and vague description of the brewing process, there can be little doubt but that the conversion of barley into malt was known even then. The art of brewing beer remained in Germany, and developed itself with great success; even up to the present day perhaps in no other country is the brewing process carried out in so many different manners as it is in Germany, and in many places beer has taken the position that wine enjoyed. For instance, did not Herzog Erich, of Brunswick, send a bottle of Elmbecker beer to Dr. Martin Luther after he had successfully resisted the Court of Worms, as a special mark of princely favor, and for his own bodily strength?

England is likewise renowned by the qualities of her beers, from her light "table-beer" to the heavy "ales and porters." Even in France "beer-drinking" has become a modern custom, and the Frenchman, spite of the Teutonic taste, likes his "choppe de biere." Holland brews much ale for exports, and Belgium possesses also a quantity of beers which, however, suit more the inland taste. In Russia, beer-brewing has of late years been largely established, and Sweden and Norway likewise produce a quantity of good ales. In the United States, as everybody knows, lager-beer is generally becoming a commendable substitute for whiskies of all denominations.

GROUPS OF GENIUS.

IN the history of intellectual achievements there is scarcely anything more remarkable than the fact that men of genius almost always appear in groups. There may be long periods unrelieved by a single first-rate poet or painter. But when at last an eminent man arises with enough original force to compel the attention of the world, he is almost sure to be accompanied by a number of rivals who also leave their mark on society. Instances will occur to every reader. In the ancient world we need only point to the magnificent epoch of Pericles, and to the far less significant but still brilliant period of Augustus. The modern world is as much crowded with examples as its life is more vast and complex than that of Greece and Rome. The same age which produced Shakespeare brought forth Spenser, Bacon, Hooker, and a host of dramatists who, even without Shakespeare, would have sufficed to make their era illustrious. Later on Addison, Pope and Swift addressed the same audience; and every one knows the splendid galaxy of English poets in the opening years of the present century. Our own day will be memorable as having witnessed the labors of men of such varied gifts as Carlyle, Thackeray and Dickens, Disraeli and Lord Lytton, Browning and Tennyson, and the younger generation of poets who are now striving to give a new interpretation to the facts of life. In all the other leading European lands the law has been in operation. Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch were alive at the same time; Michel Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci were contemporaries; the most characteristic representatives of French genius surrounded the throne of Louis XIV.; and the noblest era of German poetry included nearly all the names in virtue of which Germany claims a place among the foremost literary nations.

Indirect attempts have often been made to explain this singular law. The usual way of disposing of it is to refer in the case of each group to the "age." Some mysterious influences in the circumstances of a period are supposed to control with absolute force its intellectual manifestations. . . . Literary historians seem frequently to have forgotten a very obvious circumstance—that the conditions of an era cannot effect men of genius unless men of genius exist. The truth is, that we are here in presence of one of those ultimate facts which we must accept without attempting fully to understand. We know that for some reason or other literature, art and science are grandly developed at particular epochs; but why the stages of progress should be marked in this special way we do not know, and have no means of knowing. There is, no doubt, a law in this as in everything else; but if so, it is revealed among forces far too subtle and complex for us to detect and define it.

RELICS OF INDIAN PAGANISM IN SOUTH AMERICA.

AMONG the relics of the ancient Indians of Ecuador are several images made of gold and silver, which have been found in ancient graves and ruins in that Republic. A collection is to be forwarded to the Exposition of Chili next year. In the meantime *El Ecuador* gives its readers some

of the descriptive notes made by the padre to accompany these specimens which tend so much to illustrate American archaeology, a short notice of which is given. Among the images found, constructed of gold and silver, there was a small idol of the former metal, with a Peruvian type of features, and of a pure American style, such as seen expressed in the paintings of the ancient Mexicans. In the cloth head-covering can be detected the twist of the threads of which it was composed. This custom of covering the head exists among the Indians to this day. As the features are those of woman, the padre judges the figure to represent Mama-raba Oello, the mother of Huaina Capac, from its having been found in the ruins of Pumapungo (port of Leon), which doubtless formed part of the great palace of Mulla-cancha. In a room of this palace, which was all lined with gold, Huaina-Capac caused to be placed a statue of his mother, made of the finest gold, and put in charge of this treasure a guard of the valiant Canares, who may be considered the Araucanos of Ecuador. Along with this idol will be sent a collection of Mullus (ornaments) for the neck and breast, and two small idols of bone, with an Egyptian cast of countenance, such as may be seen painted on the Egyptian papyrus in the museum of the Vatican at Rome. Besides these, there are a head and hand colored black, very well executed, as well as the proboscis of a large beetle. A crown of silver was found, with two earrings and a tupe of a very elegant form.

VICTOR HUGO'S SPEECHES.

WHOEVER writes the life of Victor Hugo after his death will not lack documents. The poet does not allow his utterings to be scattered to the winds. He is now seventy-three years old, and while continuing to produce new creations with the assiduity of a thinker who knows that life is short and who sees the end of his career, he collects his stray writings and his achievements in oratory. The fruitful resources of his genius are not all known abroad, although there are still many in France who remember the fiery and fearless eloquence with which he denounced the dawning Empire from the tribune in 1850. Victor Hugo's reputation as poet, novelist and dramatist is widespread over the world; but it is only in his own country that he is known as an orator. Gifted in speech with the same abundant facility as when he wields the pen, overflowing with fire and energy, Victor Hugo has been one of the finest speakers of this age. If his reputation as such is less great than it deserves, it is because he has eclipsed himself. A volume has just been published in Paris, with the title, "Actes et Paroles," containing his speeches from the commencement to the end of his career as a public man, his discourses at the Académie Française, at the House of Peers, of which, under Louis Philippe, he was appointed a member, in the two Assemblies of 1848 and 1849, and his manifestoes on the eve of and after the *coup d'état* of Napoleon Bonaparte. A second volume will comprise his political writings during his long exile at Guernsey, and a third volume will be devoted to the part he took in the events of 1870-71.

THE ART OF FURNISHING.

IT is open to us to improve upon eighteenth-century furniture, whether that improvement take the shape of a return to a yet earlier period or of a wholly new development. But let us first learn to rival the eighteenth century, to make furniture as good as was made then, with as little pretension, with as little exaggeration, with the same directness of aim, with as constant a sense that the subordination of beauty to use does not forbid the workman to give beauty a place in his design. Nor need there be any fear that the choice of the eighteenth century will unduly limit the freedom of those who wish to make the furnishing of their houses a reflection of their own taste and not a mere antiquarian exercise. The reigns of Anne and the three first Georges in England, of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. in France, and of the corresponding period in Holland, give ample opportunity for the exercise of individual preference. The carved mahogany of Chippendale, the combination of mahogany and satin-wood which succeeded to it, the inlaid arabesque which was especially affected in England, the rich coloring and floral patterns of the best school of Dutch marquetry, the subdued tints and graceful designs which are associated with French marquetry, may be combined in endless diversities of arrangement. I cannot warrant the reader against making mistakes, but I can assure him that, if he uses his eyes and his brain properly, his mistakes need not be numerous, while the pleasure of detecting them for himself will be almost worth the money that they have cost.

PREVENTING ESCAPE OF HEAT.

EXPERIMENTS have been made at Mulhausen to ascertain what kind of coating best prevents the escape of heat from steam-pipes. After numerous trials, it was found that chopped straw was the best, and that it reduced the loss of heat by radiation from the bare pipes sixty-six per cent. The next best was a pottery pipe large enough to cover the steam-pipe, and leave an air-space; the pottery pipe was coated on the outside with loamy earth and chopped straw, kept in place by straw-bands twisted round the pipe. This reduced the loss sixty-one per cent. The next was cotton waste, which, wrapped round the pipe to an inch thick, reduced the loss fifty-one per cent. The next was waste felt from printing machines, from which the reduction was forty-eight per cent.; and the last was forty-five per cent., with a plaster made of cows' hair and clay. Experiments made with a view to test the effect of color showed that the coatings when painted white reduced the loss a further seven per cent. Particulars of these experiments are published in the reports of La Société Industrielle de Mulhouse.

THE WRITERS FOR "PUNCH."

"PUNCH" writers were mostly fond of children. It was Thackeray's delight to "tip" boys. When Sidney Blanchard was a little fellow, one of his school holidays Thackeray gave him a dinner at the Garrick, took him to the theatre in the evening, and enjoyed himself immensely in the delight of the boy. Leech was never happier than in his pictures of children and their childish humor. Du Maurier is never more at home than when he is delineating some quaint joke in which the children are the actors. Tom Hood was one of the most simple and gentle-minded of poets. Men who love children are invariably good fellows; and in their own homes, or round the *Punch* table, Mark Lemon, Jerrold, Horace Mayhew, Leech, Thackeray, Tom Hood, John Tenniel, were simply a party of grown-up boys, full of the freedom and unconventional geniality of youth. In their troubles and in their pleasures they were a happy family.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES OF THE FRENCH ARMY, in the vicinity of Vernon, Department of the Eure, have supplied the pictorial journals of Paris with numerous illustrations. Of these we reproduce two—the first representing the new military telegraph corps in action; and the second, Marshal MacMahon, Marshal Canrobert, General de Cissey, General Lebrun, and the staff-officers, at breakfast in a barn near Réauville.

CARLIST REFUGEES UPON FRENCH TERRITORY have been liable, throughout the war in Spain, to be speedily surrounded and disarmed by the French *gendarmes*, who, as the cut shows, obey orders promptly and effectively.

THE TROUBLES IN HERZEGOVINA are not yet ended, and such scenes as the attack on a Turkish court by the insurgent priest Garello in the valley of the Metkovic, are still not infrequent, in a region so peculiarly favorable for obstinate guerrilla warfare.

THE SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS, which recently held its meetings at Palermo, added fresh testimony to the fact that Italy has by no means lost interest in the scientific studies which her illustrious savants of the seventeenth century—prominent among whom was Galileo—brought towards the close of the eighteenth and in the beginning of the nineteenth century, her Volta, Galvani, Scarpa and Spallanzani—pursued with marvelous success.

THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD," which many French admirers of America propose to erect on some island in New York Harbor—and for which Americans as well as Frenchmen will have an opportunity to subscribe—will be made after a model by the eminent sculptor Bartholdi. With one hand it will hold aloft the torch of liberty; with the other it embraces the tables of the law, while it tramples under foot the broken chains of slavery. It is hoped that the statue will be completed before the opening of the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES, FOR WEEK ENDING OCT. 30TH.

THE Fifth Avenue Theatre was crowded on Monday night with an audience eager to welcome back Edwin Booth after a two years' absence from the New York stage. He met with a hearty reception, the warmth of which was intensified by the joy felt at his recovery from the recent painful accident, that at one time threatened to cause his permanent retirement from the profession to which he has added so much lustre. He appeared as *Hamlet* on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and as *Pescara*, in the "Apostate," on Thursday and Saturday. Next week he will appear as *Richieu*, *Othello* and *Jago*. . . . The favorite American clown, George L. Fox, commenced an engagement at Booth's Theatre on Monday evening. . . . The French Opera Bouffe Company closed a successful engagement at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday evening, and a series of performances of French comedy began on Wednesday evening. The Mexican Juvenile Opera will next week alternate with the French Comedy Company, appearing on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and at two matinees. . . . Mile. Titien sang in Handel's Oratorio of "The Messiah" at Steinway Hall, on Saturday afternoon. . . . Wachtel, the great tenor, has been singing to crowded houses, at the Academy of Music, during the week. The operas produced were "The Jewess" on Monday and Friday nights; "Il Trovatore" on Wednesday night, and the "Postillon du Lonjumeau" at the Saturday matinee. . . . "The Mighty Dollar" still holds the boards at the Park. "The Overland Route" at Wallack's, and "Led Astray" at the Union Square. . . . A monster concert was given at Gilmore's Garden on Saturday evening in aid of the Centennial Exposition.

FUN.

MINT'S MEAT—Lamb.
A RUN of luck—Winning a race.
NOT-A-MISS—A rich and lovely widow.
ALWAYS ready for a fare—The sugar-dealers.
The ventilation of an idea never gives anybody a cold.
WHEN Autumn is married to Winter the wedding-cake is always frosted.
"USCO CANNY," *Nelle Sportsman*—"Messod, eh!"
Cautious Keeper—"Weel, a' wadna gang guito sae faur as to say that; but a' doot ye hav'na exactly hit."

BROWN's wife weighs over two hundred pounds; when Brown asks her, "Shall I help you over the fence, my dear?" she replies, demurely: "No; help the fence."

"MA," observed Blobs's little child reflectively the other night as the first stars came out, "don't you think that when those stars twinkle that way they must tickle the angels' feet?"

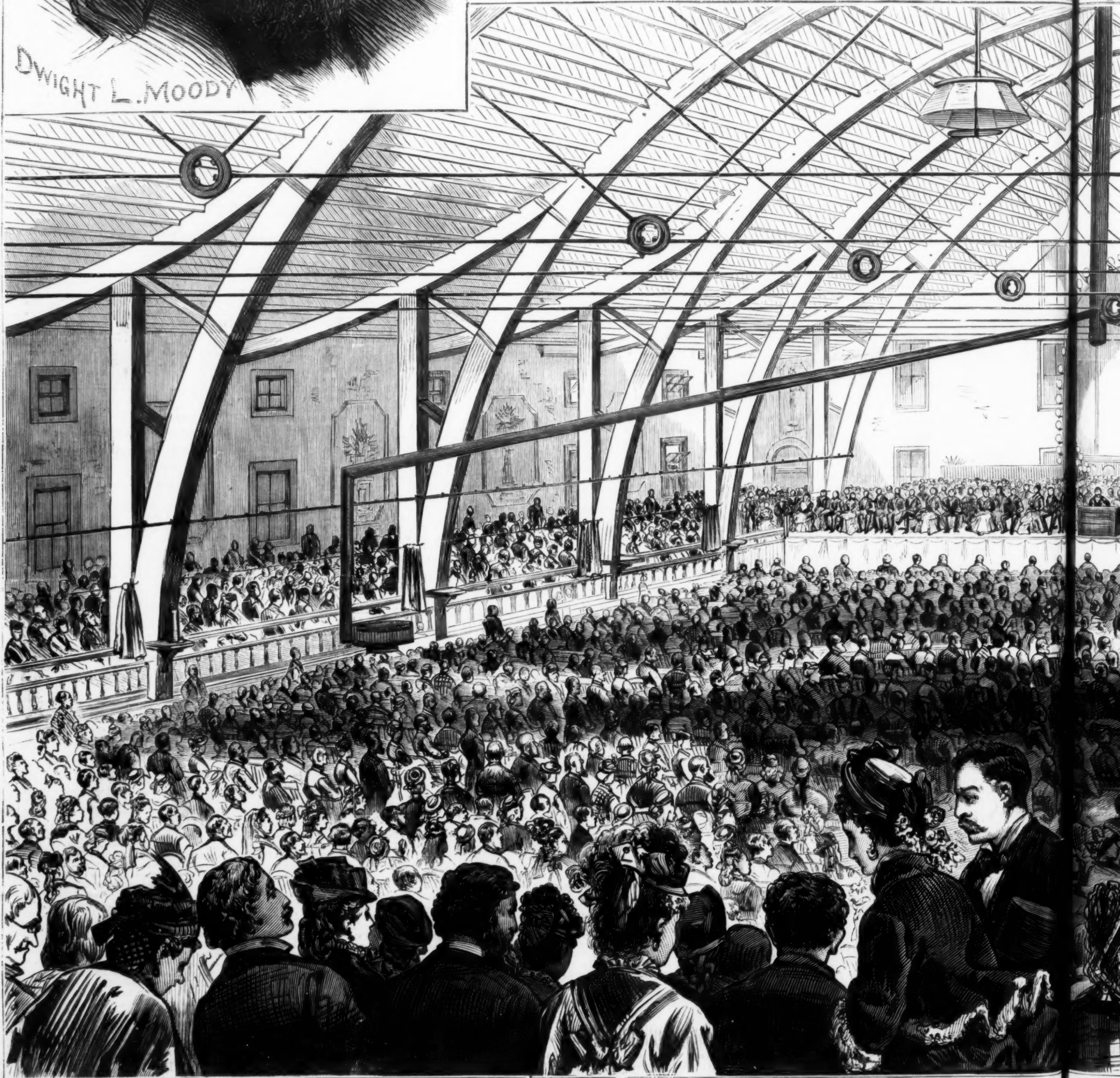
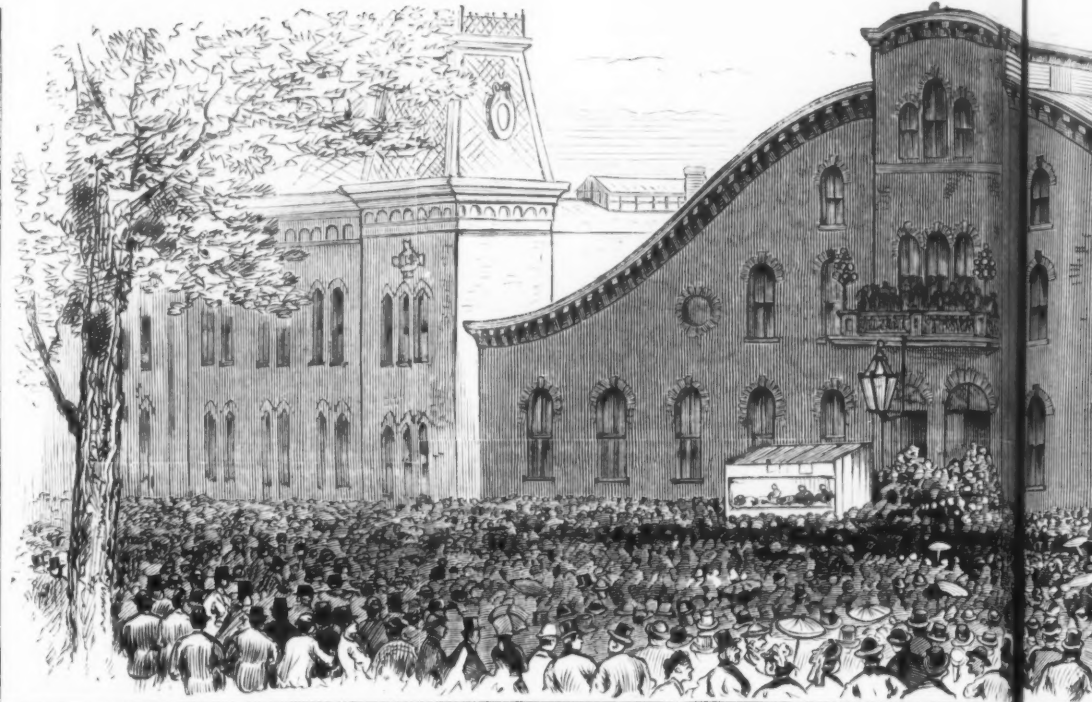
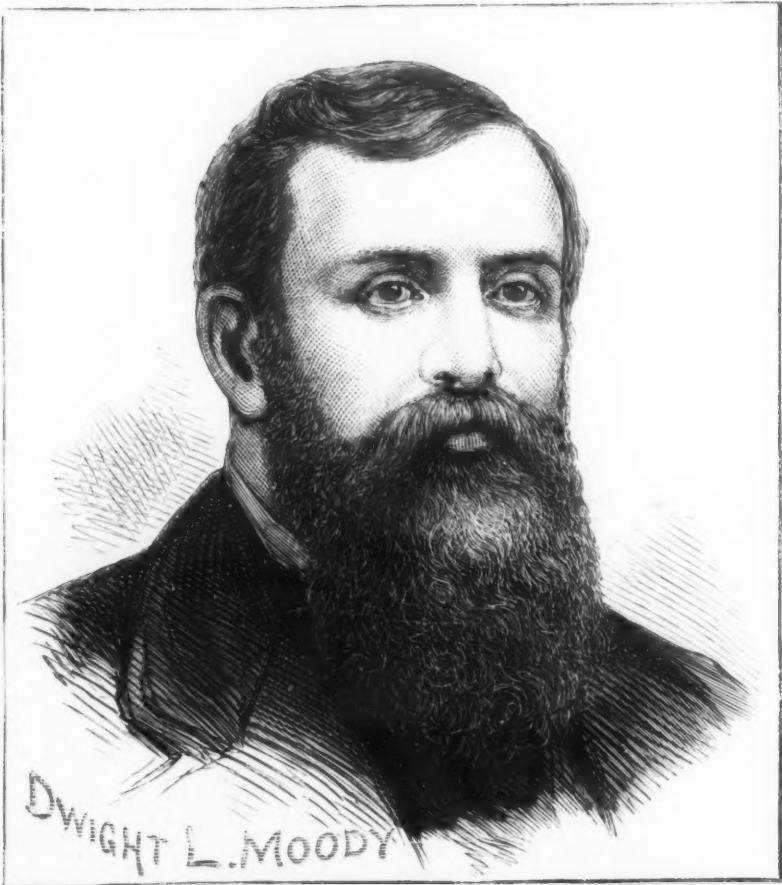
"PARSON tells me, sir," said a farmer once, speaking of that extraordinary race of people the gypsies, "that their origin is lost in the mists of inquiry; and I am bound to say I believe him, for greater rogues don't live."

"FOR want of water, I am forced to drink wine; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought and an extremely hot summer that had parched up all his grapes.

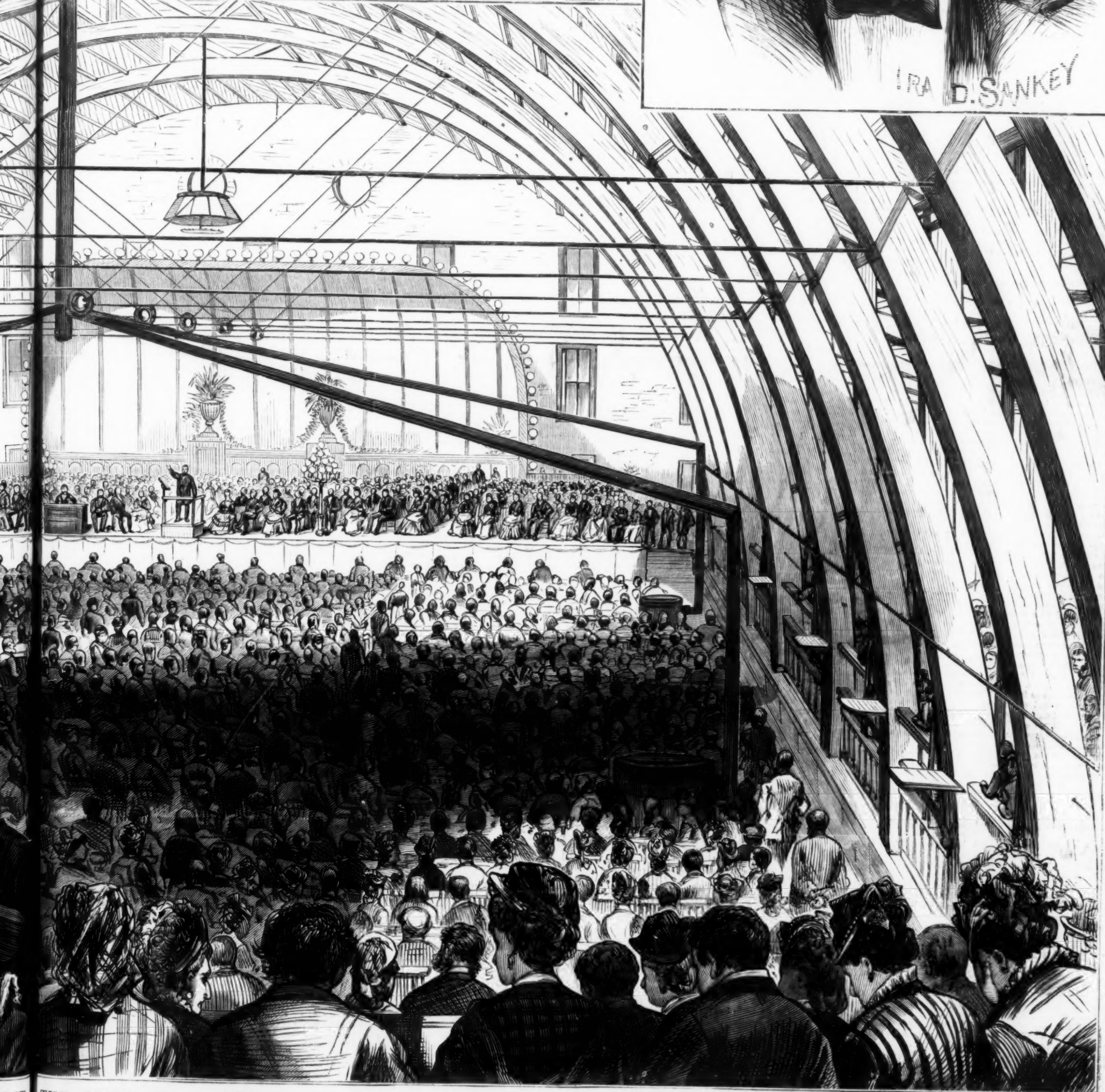
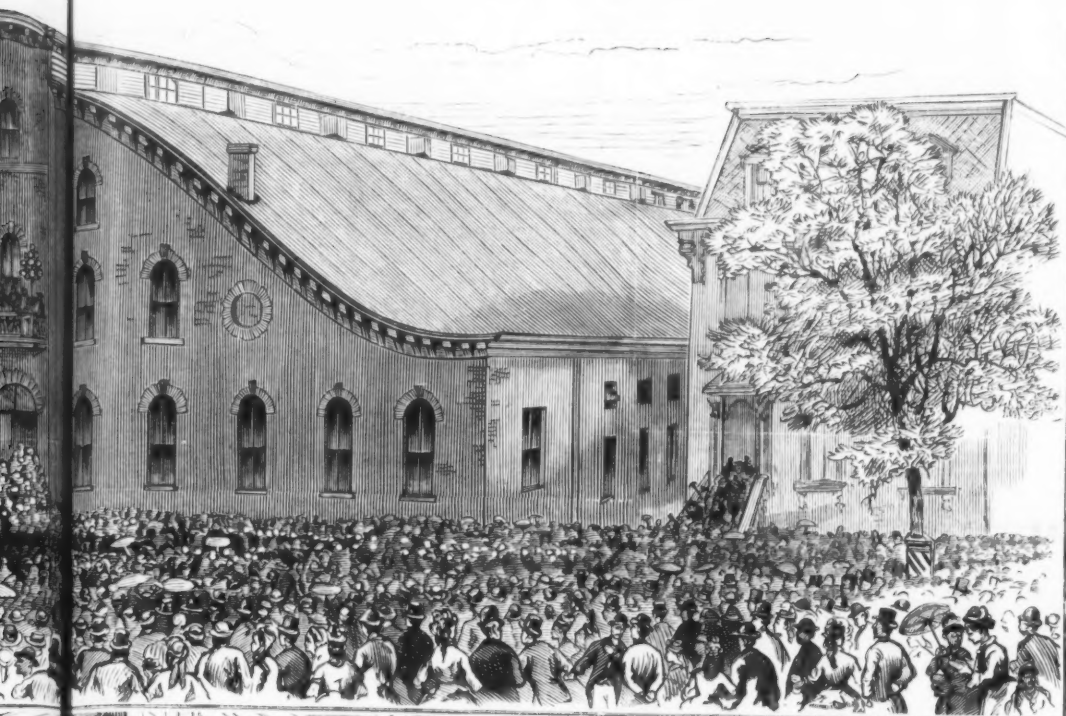
"WHAT's all this talk about the currency and the five twenties and the six-twenties that I hear about, Mike?" "Why, bliss your soul, don't ye know, Pat? It means that the Government wants to make the laborin' min work from five-twenty in the mornin' till sixty thirty in the evenin'." "Och, the spalpeens! May the devil choke them!"

ONCE when Potier, the famous French comic actor, was playing, the crowd was so great that a woman fell from the gallery into the pit. Everybody expected to see the woman carried dead from the theatre, but, beyond a few bruises, she was unhurt. Her only answer to the expressions of sympathy that greeted her on all sides was: "Thank goodness, I have at last got a place where I can see and hear comfortably."

THE following story is told by George W. Fuller, a submarine diver: "While performing some work for 'Uncle Sam' in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden-truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf, it happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with watermelons, and had just reached the dock, where the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro, all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggles and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and, seizing one of the largest melons, sunk immediately. The darkey, with a yell and a bound, reached the dock, and neither stopped nor turned till he reached home, with the tidings that 'de debil had 'fascated de melons, and has taken 'um down.'"



BROOKLYN, L. I.—MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, THE REVIVALISTS, CONDUCTING, SUNDAY, OCT. THE P



OCT. THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF MEETINGS AT THE RINK, ON CLERMONT AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 155.

THE TIDES.

(From Longfellow's new Volume.)

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenseless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me for ever! Suddenly o'er me
They swept again from their deep ocean-bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (CONTINUED).

LADY CRANE'S rooms were filled with a most brilliant crowd; the *élite* of the fashionable world were present. There was a most beautiful variety of costumes—those of kings, queens, fairies, triars, peasants, heroines of story and of song—but all paled before that of the girl who had chosen to appear as "Night."

She was soon surrounded; that lovely face of hers had a terrible influence over men. There were heart-burning and jealousy. More than one present would have given much for one smile from her lips.

She danced first with Prince Holstadt; when he had left her, she stood for some minutes talking to Helen; and it was then the Duke of Southmead saw her. She was standing by the scarlet blossoms of one of the rare plants with which the ball-room was half-filled, her dark dress, with its silver stars, falling in graceful folds round her tall statuette figure; her lovely face was bent over the scarlet flowers. He looked at her in wonder, and as he so looked his heart went out to her.

He was not accustomed to wait when he wished for anything, and he said to himself that he must gain an introduction to the beautiful girl, that the sweet eyes must smile on him, the fair face brighten for him. He went at once to Lady Crane.

"Who is that tall, beautiful girl with the sad, sweet face?" he asked.

Lady Crane looked up with a smile.

"There are so many tall, beautiful girls," she replied, laughingly. "Which one does your Grace mean?"

"I see none like her, standing there. Do you see, Lady Crane? She is near the crimson bank of flowers; her dress is dark, with silver stars."

Lady Crane looked in the direction he indicated, and then she smiled.

"Is it possible," she asked, "that you do not know Miss St. Norman? I should have imagined every one in London knew her. She is the beauty of the season."

"I have heard of her," said the young duke, slowly; but I never imagined she was one-half so lovely. Will you introduce me, Lady Crane?"

Ethel hardly raised her eyes when—she observed of all observers—the young duke stood before her. He was piqued by her indifference, and vowed to himself that it should all be dispelled before the warmth of his love, as a mist by the heat of the sun. As she walked away, leaving them together, Lady Crane said to herself:

"That would be a most suitable match; he is the handsomest man and she is the loveliest girl in London. I should always have the credit of having brought it about."

More than one in the ballroom thought as did Lady Crane—that it was Grace of Southmead and proud, calm, beautiful Ethel St. Norman were perfectly matched.

No such idea occurred to Ethel herself. She gave no sign of being pleased because the young duke was evidently delighted with her; on the contrary, as he paid her compliment after compliment, she said to herself:

"What would he think of me if he knew that I was the wife of a convicted forger?"

He asked her to dance, but she declined, so surprising him in a manner that he had never before perhaps experienced. To refuse to dance with him for whom other young ladies would gladly have given up their favorite partners! That refusal increased his liking for her a thousand fold. If she had appeared like others, flattered by his attention, pleased to secure his notice, he would, in all probability, have thought no more of her; but the beautiful face was never turned to his, the lovely eyes were only once raised, and then the white lids drooped over them, and their bright depths were veiled from him. He was piqued and resolute.

"Haughty, proud, and beautiful, she shall love me yet," he said to himself; and he devoted himself almost exclusively to her.

Mothers and chaperons looked at him in despair, as though they would have said, "There is no more hope—she has taken him captive."

Then men looked on in utter wonder. It was strange to see the young duke in earnest at last. That he was in earnest was plainly to be seen. The dreamy, beautiful music of a German waltz floated around.

"You will not refuse me, Miss St. Norman?" he said. "The music is so beautiful, one feels compelled to dance."

She never looked at him, but the hands that were touching the scarlet flowers trembled slightly. She did refuse again, and again a feeling of surprise took possession of him.

"Do you not like dancing, Miss St. Norman?" he asked.

"Yes—she liked it; but just then she did not feel inclined for it."

This was something new for his Grace, who had always hitherto found that the inclinations of young ladies led them to dance with him.

"Will you allow me to talk to you, then," he begged, "if you prefer not to dance?"

"If it pleases you," she replied, indifferently.

But she did not make room for him by her side, as many would have done, and try to please him. He stood before her deferentially, as though she were a queen. He devoted himself to her. But, when the evening had ended, and he was trying to buoy himself up with some little hope of success, he could not remember one smile, one kind word, one glance from the beautiful eyes; he had not one single favor on which to rest his hopes.

Having waited patiently a whole hour for the purpose, he escorted Ethel to her carriage. He had not won one favor from her, but, as he bade her good-night, his eyes fell on the flowers she carried.

"Miss St. Norman," he said, "will you give me those flowers?"

Then she raised her eyes to his face, slowly, proudly, coldly.

"My flowers?" she returned. "Why should you care for them? They are dead."

"Living or dead, I care not," he said. "In my humble opinion they will not die after having been in your hands all the evening; that ought to make them live."

"I have never heard of immortality conferred upon flowers," she observed.

The implied compliment, he saw plainly, was lost upon her, and he liked her still more for her want of vanity.

"Give me only one from your bouquet," he said, earnestly. "I will ask no more."

"Why do you desire it?" inquired Ethel.

"Because it is yours," he replied, with passion, "and because you have held it. Give it me to remind me of to-night. I shall always hold my truest and best life as having begun from to-night."

She glanced at him, saw the light on his face, heard the deep earnest music of his voice, and understood him.

"Will you grant my prayer?" he pursued. "Will you give me one flower, Miss St. Norman?"

"Not one," she declined, gravely.

There came into her heart something like hatred of love and lovers—of men, because a man had so cruelly betrayed her. A passionate indignation against the whole race seized her. The young duke's face fell as he heard her words.

"You are very unkind to me, Miss St. Norman," he said.

"It is not in my power to be kind or unkind to your Grace," she rejoined, haughtily.

It was a new experience to the Duke of Southmead; in all his life no one had denied him a favor or refused to comply with one of his requests. He felt a singular respect for the fearless young girl who now did so.

As Lord St. Norman and his wife and his daughter drove home, Ethel thought of the duke.

"Surely he is not going to pretend that he loves me," she said to herself. "If he knew—if he only knew all—instead of loving, he would hate me."

When they reached home, Lady St. Norman was struck with the girl's white face.

"You are tired, Ethel," she said. "Will you come into my boudoir? We will have a cup of coffee there. I do not like to see you looking so tired. Leonard, will you join us?"

Lord St. Norman professed himself "only too delighted"; and Helen, whose especial gift seemed to be the power of making every one comfortable, made Ethel rest on a couch, while she found the coziest chair for her husband.

"Now let us talk over the ball," she said. "I always think that that is the pleasantest thing about an entertainment—talking of it afterwards. What did you think of the costumes, Leonard?"

"I admired them all," he replied; and then he inquired, "Helen, did you see Sir Oscar Charlotte? With all due deference to all fair ladies I considered him the most interesting character present."

"Why?" asked Helen, briefly.

"Because of his great personal bravery—he is literally as brave as a lion. Did you never hear of him, Helen, nor you, Ethel?"

No, they had not heard of him; so Lord St. Norman continued:

"I have longed to see him for years. Now that my desire has been gratified, I find him to be what he has been represented—as brave as a lion, yet as gentle as a child; fearless, yet most modest; free from the least taint of vanity, frank, kind—ah, well, I need not dwell upon his character. I am difficult to please, but Oscar Charlotte is my true ideal of a real hero. I can tell you one story of him."

Ethel raised her eyes to her father's face, and he saw that she looked interested.

"There were two brothers—Sir Ralph Charlotte and his younger brother, Oscar. They were both in the army. Sir Ralph was major, and Oscar an ensign. They were in the same regiment, and that regiment was serving in India. Sir Ralph was many years older than his brother. He was married, and had his wife and three children with him. I knew Lady Charlotte. She was a tender-hearted, loving gentlewoman, with a fair, high-bred face and a graceful manner. Sir Ralph held some important military post in the hills; and when a rebellion broke out among one of the tribes whom he had to hold in check, he, with his wife and young children, occupied a large stone residence that had been erected for one of the native rulers. His brother Oscar rode over one day to consult with him on the aspect of affairs, and that very day the Charlottes' place was surrounded, and its inhabitants all taken by surprise. They resisted for a time, but resistance was quite useless—their enemies were a hundred to one against them. Still they fought for some hours. At last the natives forced an entrance into the house. The English servants were tortured and killed; Sir Ralph, his wife—poor gentle Lady Charlotte—their little children, and Oscar were brought out into the courtyard—there to suffer a thousand deaths in one. The two hapless officers were bound fast in chairs, and the unhappy father was compelled to look on while his children were barbarously slaughtered. I will not tell you the details of Lady Charlotte's fate. When Sir Ralph could bear it no longer, he turned to his brother with a loud despairing cry:

"Oscar, Oscar, what shall I do?"

"Set your teeth, and die hard, the young ensign replied—words that became a proverb in his regiment. Even as they were spoken a detachment of men came to their rescue. It was too late to save the unhappy lady, the little children, or even Sir Ralph; but Oscar was rescued. His health failed him, and, sorely against his will, he was compelled to leave the army. He became Sir Oscar Charlotte, of Weston Royal. I never see suffering in any shape, but I think of his words—'Set your teeth, and die hard.'"

As she listened a strange light came over Ethel's beautiful face. She took the words home to her heart, and pondered them. If a man could do that for the endurance of physical pain, surely she who had suffered almost the extremity of mental anguish could do the same.

"And I will do it," she said to herself, with proud resolve. "No murmur against my lot shall escape my lips—no words of regret. I will do as the young soldier advised—set my teeth and die hard."

From that day a change came over Ethel. There was no more murmuring, no more despair. She began to look her life in the face. She had blighted and ruined it at the very outset; but of what remained she would make the best. She would "die hard"; she would bear her pain and her sorrow in such a way that they would be hidden from all human eyes; she would endure without repining; that which man could do in the extremity of physical pain she might do in the extremity of mental anguish. The young soldier's words and the lesson they inculcated took hold of her; in great measure they renewed and reinvigorated the heart and mind fast sinking into despair. They were always present to her; when her heart was sinking, her courage failing, her pride yielding, and she felt ready to die in her sorrow, they raised and reanimated her—they seemed to become part of herself. It was only natural, under the circumstances, that she

should think also of the man who had uttered them—that she should wonder what he was like—that her mind should dwell in some measure upon him. The beauty and grandeur of endurance and courage seemed to grow clearer. All people sinned—some in reckless wickedness, others like herself, through the ignorance of youth; but every one had not the fortitude and patience to endure the punishment of their sin.

A new expression seemed to come to the beautiful face—one of high and noble resolve, one of brave, bright endurance. Ethel seemed to recover some of the high spirits and animation that had once distinguished her, and Lord St. Norman was delighted with the change. He thought she would in time be her own old self again. He little dreamed that the improvement, slight as it was, was caused by the brave resolve to bear in patience the blight and ruin of her life.

In the meanwhile, to his own intense surprise, the young Duke of Southmead found himself, for the first time in his life, deeply in love. He soon became like a shadow of the beautiful Miss St. Norman. He went wherever she went. If Ethel rode or drove, she was sure to meet him; if she went to dinner, ball, soiree, no matter what, he was sure to be among the company present.

Belgravia mothers and chaperons had grown accustomed to the turn which matters had taken; they had given up all hopes of the great prize—Miss St. Norman had won it. And it was not to be wondered at that she had won it, for she was one of the wealthiest and loveliest girls of the season. It was first whispered, and then rumor grew bolder and spoke aloud, that the Duke of Southmead had fallen in love with the beautiful Miss St. Norman. Every one pronounced it a most suitable and excellent match. Both had beauty, both were of high birth, both were possessed of great wealth. So the world agreed that it was a most excellent match, fitting in every way, and that nothing could be better.

For some time Ethel found herself obliged to be patient. She could not refuse the young duke before he had made her an offer; she could not speak to him on the subject before he had spoken to her. But she did what lay in her power. He could not boast of word, or look, or smile, that was kinder than what she gave to others. She treated him with indifference; she received him with the coolest nonchalance. But the colder her indifference, the deeper grew his love.

She began to feel sorry for him. He might have his little faults of vanity and conceit. Placed as he was, it was not to be wondered at. He had known nothing but flattery. He might be vain; but there was no doubt of one thing—he loved her with all the strength of his soul. She began to pity him, knowing that, even had no impediment existed, she could never have loved him. She felt sorry that he should have concentrated all his hopes on her. He was not the kind of man she could make a hero of; even his style of beauty was not a style she admired.

He would not take any of the very plain hints that she gave him. He put them aside. He would not believe but that he should win her eventually. So for some time he became her shadow. He sunned himself in the light of her most fair and gracious presence, believing that his hopes must be realized at last.

One morning Lord St. Norman seemed unusually pleased with a letter that he had received. He read it several times with a peculiarly bright and happy smile; and then, looking at his daughter, he said:

"Ethel, I should like to speak with you. This letter concerns you. Will you come into my study after breakfast?"

Neither interest nor wonder was excited within her at her father's words—no letter could possibly contain news of paramount importance to her.

After a short interval she followed Lord St. Norman into his study; and there she found her father standing by the table, smiling again at the letter he held in his hand.

"Ethel," he said, "sit down. I am very pleased, my dear. I think I may safely say, this is the happiest day of my life."

Her beautiful face brightened.

"If you could have what I wish for you, papa, all your days would be happy."

Lord St. Norman continued:

"You know how dearly I have always loved you, Ethel—how proud I have always been of you. My love could desire no better fate than this in store for you. My pride could ask no higher destiny."

He did not see the shadow that fell over her face.

"Your future has always been a subject of anxiety to me," he pursued—"not in respect of money—I have known of late years that you would have a sufficiency of that—but as regards whom you would love and whom you would marry. You have all the Gordon sensitiveness and Gordon pride, and I know how much proud, sensitive people suffer. You would have been one of the most miserable women living if you had been unfortunate in your love."

Her lips quivered. The tears rose to her eyes; but she repressed them, remembering Sir Oscar's words. No murmur should escape her. No regret because of her mournful, blighted life.

"Now," Lord St. Norman went on, "I am more than happy. I am quite content. This letter that I hold in my hand is from the Duke of Southmead. He asks my permission to make you his wife, and that permission I most gladly concede."

Ethel's face grew colorless, and her eyes shadowed as she listened.

"I have the highest possible opinion of the duke," continued Lord St. Norman; "he is a gentleman in the highest, noblest sense of the word. He will make you happy by his kindness, and by his gentle, considerate manner; he is truthful and honorable; above all, he is amiable; and, Ethel, you will know how to appreciate constant good temper and sunshine in the house. I am convinced that you will be perfectly happy."

She opened her lips to speak, but the sound died away upon them. It seemed to her that she could not bear to disappoint him.

"Then, as to position," pursued Lord St. Norman, "you will occupy a position second only to that of royalty. The Duke of Southmead is not only one of the wealthiest, but he is one of the most distinguished, peers in England. I do not think the most ambitious father living could desire a happier lot for his child. As Duke of Southmead, you will be one of the most popular women in England. My darling, I am so thankful for you—so content."

Then she said to herself that it was time she spoke—time she told him these hopes of his could never be realized. She went over to him and laid her hands on his shoulder, looking wistfully into his happy face.

"Papa," she said, sadly, "it cannot be. I am grieved that you should be disappointed; I am more sorry than I can express. I would do almost anything to give you pleasure, but I cannot do this. I cannot marry the Duke of Southmead."

He looked greatly disappointed. The happy smile died from his lips.

"You cannot, Ethel! Why not?"

"I do not love him, papa. I acknowledge the truth of all you say; he is one of the most agreeable and kind-hearted men I have ever met. But I do not love him. I cannot marry him."

Lord St. Norman looked anxiously at her.

"Ethel," he said, gravely, "you have too much common-sense to refuse such a magnificent offer from any foolish schoolgirl notions of love and sentiment."

"I have no schoolgirl notions," she returned, sadly; "it would be better for me ten thousand times if I had."

"Esteem is the surest, best, and safest foundation for love," he pointed out. "You esteem the duke—you acknowledge that you think most highly of him. Love, the highest, best love of all, will most surely follow."

"Not in this case, papa," she opposed. "I esteem and like him—I am grateful to him for the great honor he has paid me—but I cannot marry him."

Lord St. Norman sighed.

"You were always a puzzle to me, Ethel," he said, slowly. "Of late I have not understood you—nay, at times I have not recognized you as the Ethel who was like sunshine in our home. I suppose, then, I must tell the duke that you decline?"

She clung to him, saying that he was the kindest, the dearest, the best of fathers—that she loved him so dearly, and was so grieved to disappoint him—that it must not make any difference in his love to her—that he must always care for her the same—but that she could not marry the duke.

"We will say no more about it then, Ethel. I will write him to-day. Why, child, how pale you are! You need not be unhappy over it—no one can force you to marry; and you never shall marry, Ethel, with my consent, until you really and truly fall in love."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GROUP of gentlemen stood under the trees in the Park. They had been watching the fair faces of the ladies who passed in carriages, and the fresh faces of young girls who rode. The day was beautiful, the sun shining brightly, and half the *élite* of London seemed to be in the Park.

The group of gentlemen consisted of Sir Oscar Charlotte, Lord Caton, Major Argent, and Sir Harry Laine. The subject under discussion was a rumor that had startled the fashionable world.

"It is all over with the Richmond dinners," observed Lord Caton. "Southmead has left London. The whole affair is given up. I had a note from him yesterday."

"So had I," said the major.

The young duke had organized a grand water-party that was to terminate with a dinner at Richmond. Suddenly, to their surprise, the invited guests received a note expressing infinite regret at the unavoidable disappointment, but that the Duke of Southmead was obliged to leave London that very day.

"Leave London in the midst of the season!" cried Sir Harry Laine. "What is the reason?"

Then came the startling report that Miss St. Norman had refused him, and that he had gone away in a fit of desperation. Sir Charles Myrton had met the duke coming from Brookdale House—had seen him with his face white as death and his lips trembling. He had stopped to speak to him, but the young duke had passed on with something that sounded like a deep-muttered curse. Afterwards he heard what rumor said. Sir Charles understood it all; and now the little group under the trees were discussing the same event.

"Do you really believe," asked Lord Caton, "that Miss St. Norman has refused him?"

"It is a fact, I assure you," replied the major. "I always thought she would. Yet I never saw a man so thoroughly in love. He followed her like a shadow. But I never saw her give him the least encouragement."

"That would be a new experience for him," commented Lord Caton. "Young dukes, as a rule, do not complain of wanting encouragement."

"I felt sure," resumed the major, "that she would not have him. I was quite desperate about her myself the first few times that I saw her. But Miss St. Norman is not like the ordinary run of women. She is no coquette; she never seems to give a thought to love or matrimony. Indeed, in my opinion, she dislikes both."

Sir Oscar Charlotte listened attentively.

"I yield to no one in my chivalrous respect for women," he said, "but I must confess that I find it difficult to believe that a rich and handsome young duke could meet with a refusal."

"It is true," declared the major. "I am sorry for Southmead—he was desperately fond of her. He has taken it deeply to heart. I hear that he first went home, and then started off the same day for the Continent."

"That much I know is true," said Lord Caton; "as to the rest, I reserve my opinion."

"What is she like—this Miss St. Norman?" asked Sir Oscar.

"Have you not seen her?" cried the three of the group at once.

"No. She was at Lady Crane's ball, I believe; I met her father there, but I did not stay long. I have never seen her. What is she like?"

"Like no one whom you have ever seen, or whom I can name," replied the major. "She is the most beautiful girl in all England. She is very clever," continued the speaker, "witty, quick at repartee, and brilliant in sarcasm. But she is not to be judged by ordinary rules."

"Why not?" asked Sir Oscar.

"Because she is not like ordinary people. She is proud and cold, with a certain graceful haughtiness about her, a proud, serene indifference which I cannot describe. You must see her in order to understand me. I do not believe she cares for compliments; nor do I believe there is a man living who could bring a bright flush to her beautiful face."

"Has she been unhappy in any love affair?" asked Sir Oscar.

"I think not," answered the major, laughing. "With all her stately beauty and queenly grace, her proud indifference and imperial reserve, she is only a girl—not more than eighteen, I am sure. Look—those are the St. Norman liveries. Now you will see her."

As he spoke a carriage passed slowly along. Sir Oscar, looking up, saw a girl who seemed to him more lovely than any artist's dream—a beautiful face, dainty in bloom, perfect in feature, lovely with an inexpressible charm, yet with a touch of sadness which brightened its beauty. The curved, faultless lips were sad, the bright, proud eyes, not melancholy, not pensive, but sad. He saw rich masses of golden-brown hair. He looked at her lingeringly, and, as the carriage passed, her eyes met his. At that very moment she was thinking of the memorable words that he had spoken to his brother: the sunshine and the flowers had brought to her mind St. Ina's, with its sad memories. She had just repeated his words to herself when she saw him. Their eyes met, and they looked at each other—the two who were to love and suffer as few did—and then the carriage passed on, Sir Oscar

gazing after it, and then rousing himself with a deep sigh, as one who awakes from a dream.

"She is very lovely," he said, slowly, "but not happy; her face is perfect, but it is not a happy face; young as she is, there is a story in it—one not pleasant to remember."

"The same thought struck me," acknowledged the major. "I have been in love many times in my life, but I really never did admire any one so much as I do Miss St. Norman."

"You had no chance, I suppose, major?" interrogated Lord Caton.

"Not the least in the world," he confessed, good-temperedly. "I do not think she saw me more than once, and then her beautiful eyes dismissed me."

"Why did she refuse the Duke of Southmead?" asked Sir Oscar.

"She did not love him," answered Lord Caton; "she is a girl who would consider the world well lost for love—that is, if her face tells the truth."

The group separated soon afterwards, but Sir Oscar thought long and deeply of the fair-faced girl who had refused a duke because she did not love him.

"There must be plenty of my favorite virtue there," he said to himself; "she must have plenty of courage."

It was not long before the news had spread. Fashionable London had been startled once, and that was when it was first known that the duke was in love with Miss St. Norman; now it was startled again on hearing that she had refused him—"had positively refused him, with his dual coronet, his handsome face, and his rent-roll of over two hundred thousand per annum!"

Ladies held up their hands in wonder. What was she waiting for—what did she expect? They were relieved, yet angry. Having refused him, she had driven him from London; for that they were annoyed. But he was still free; and now there was a chance for some other fair face.

Ethel had been famous for her beauty, but now she had a new claim to honor. She was "the beautiful Miss St. Norman who had refused the Duke of Southmead." She was more celebrated for that than she would have been if she had married him.

Some pronounced her ambitious; they said that she must be waiting for a foreign prince, and that her pride would have a fall. Others smilingly asserted that she was romantic, and had ideas of love which could never be realized. Who guessed the truth, that the young, beautiful and beloved daughter of an ancient line, the heiress of great wealth, was the wife of a common felon? Who guessed the terrible secret that by night and by day stood by her side and darkened every moment of her life?

CHAPTER XXX.

ETHEL had felt a profound pity for the young duke; his handsome face had grown white and haggard as he listened to the words which told him his fate.

"Will you answer one question?" he said. "If I wait for years, if I try all that man can try, will it be of any use?"

"No," she replied, gravely. "I have been frank with you. You have my esteem, my friendly liking, but I can never give you more."

"Never," he repeated—"in all time to come?"

"No," said Ethel. "The best thing you can do is to forget me."

"I shall never forget you!" he cried, bitterly.

She realized what love meant when she looked on his face and saw the bitter grief there. That was love—the terrible, earnest passion that had such power over the human heart. She had never felt anything like that. Once for a few minutes she had been uncomfortable because Laurie Nugent looked grieved. The feeling was soon over. She hardly remembered it; but she owed to herself that if at any time he had said he must leave St. Ina's, she would not have felt one tithe of the regret and pain that filled the heart of the Duke of Southmead.

Oh, blind and foolish, to have mistaken that fleeting fancy for love! Oh, blind and foolish, to have thought a man like Laurie Nugent could ever win love from her!

For the first time, too, a great fear came over her. She had never loved Laurie Nugent. She had mistaken fancy for affection—she had taken the shadow for the substance. What if a time should come when she should meet with any one whom she could love—any one to whom her soul should be drawn by that irresistible force men called love?

"I must be on my guard," she thought—"that is a danger I had almost overlooked. I must be on my guard. If I find that I am likely to love any one, I must never see him again."

So she, in her earnest simplicity, planned and arranged. She did not wish to increase her sin. It was bad enough. It must not be made worse by any complications. She had done all that lay in her power to prevent the young duke from falling in love with her, and she could not accuse herself of having sought to attract attention. In her half-childlike, half-womanly wisdom, she arranged with herself that, if ever she should find herself in danger of liking any man, she would instantly renounce his acquaintance. It was strange that she never looked forward—that no hope of relief ever occurred to her. She never thought to herself that perhaps death might prove her friend, that Laurie Nugent might die. The chains that she wore were to bind her for ever. No hope of laying them down crossed her mind.

Lord St. Norman gave a grand dinner-party, and one of the guests whom he invited was Sir Oscar Charlote.

"I hope Ethel will like him," he said to his wife. "I think Oscar Charlote the finest fellow in England."

"Better than the Duke of Southmead?" interrupted Helen, demurely.

"My dearest Helen," rejoined Lord St. Norman, laughing, "without wishing to be disrespectful to either gentleman, I may say there is as great a difference between them as between a noble retriever and a spaniel."

"Sir Oscar being the retriever?" said Helen.

"Precisely so. I begin to think, Helen, that with all her pride Ethel has a great fund of romance. Since she refused the Duke of Southmead I have come to this conclusion, and that she will most probably fall in love with some artist or poet—and I should not like that. If she must have a hero, she could not find a more noble one than Sir Oscar. I suppose I have better not say so to her."

"Certainly not," decided Helen, quietly. "Let her have her own way entirely. There is something of the grand and heroic in Ethel's character. When she does fall in love, it will be with some one like herself."

"There is one thing you can do," suggested Lord St. Norman. "She always looks beautiful, yet it seems to me she is indifferent about dress. You might superintend her toilet, and see that she looks her best to-night."

Lady St. Norman promised, but she kept her

promise without any gleam of hope in it. She had been more puzzled than any one by Ethel's rejection of the young duke. She came to the conclusion that, young as she was, Ethel in all probability had formed a resolution not to marry.

"She has all the Gordon pride," thought Lady St. Norman, "and, if she has made such a resolution, she will doubtless keep it."

But, to please her husband, she had a most exquisite costume arranged for Ethel—a dress of white silk richly and elaborately trimmed with pink hawthorn. Even Ethel, indifferent as she was to dress, gave a little startled cry of surprise when she saw it. Helen kissed the fair young face.

"You will be your brightest and best to-night, Ethel, will you not? Your father is so proud of you, I ought to be jealous; but I cannot be."

The dinner-party was not a large one, but the few assembled were all celebrated in some way or other. There was a leading statesman, one or two members of parliament, a celebrated writer, one or two leaders of fashion, and Ethel—a quiet, select, little party. Sir Oscar Charlote was included in the number of guests.

Lord St. Norman looked anxiously at his daughter as she entered the drawing-room; there was a slight flush on her beautiful face, and her eyes were bright as stars. He was delighted with the elegance of her dress, and the charming grace of her appearance. She had been there some little time, when Sir Oscar Charlote was announced. She looked up in interested wonder when he entered. What was he like, this man a few of whose words had made so great an impression upon her? She saw a tall, noble looking gentleman, with an erect figure and military bearing; his face was not exactly handsome, but it was frank, full of courage, of fire, of genius—a face to be trusted and loved.

Ethel thought of her father's description—he combined the gentleness of a child with the bravery of a lion. She believed it; the tall powerful figure, the noble face, the fearless eyes, were combined with a mouth gentle and beautiful as that of any woman. She looked at him earnestly. He was her ideal of a soldier and a gentleman; truth and chivalry were in his face, gentleness and dauntless bravery.

"If his mind matches his face and figure," she thought to herself, "I shall like Sir Oscar Charlote."

She found herself wishing that he would speak to her. She would like to see him smile—she would like to hear him speak. In a few minutes her desire was gratified. Lord St. Norman crossed the room, bringing Sir Oscar with him.

Ethel's first sensation, as he bowed before her, was one of delight that her idea of him was verified—that his smile was sweet and gentle as that of a woman or a child. Then she found herself looking at his face, and wondering where she had seen him before. Lord St. Norman left them while he went to welcome some other guests; and then Sir Oscar sat down by Ethel's side.

She was looking back wistfully in his face.

"Sir Oscar," she said, suddenly, "I cannot divest myself of the idea that I have seen you before. Yet I cannot remember where."

"I saw you, Miss St. Norman," he observed, smiling, "in the Park. I was standing with a group of friends when your carriage passed by."

Then she remembered the face that had attracted her attention—she remembered the words that had been in her mind at the time—his own words—and a crimson blush burned her face.

He looked surprised. Why should this proud girl, who was so indifferent to all men, blush at those simple words from him? But he was interested—touched by it as he would not have been by anything else. They talked together for the short space of time that elapsed before dinner, and then Sir Oscar escorted her to the dining-room. He sat by her during dinner, and was charmed with her wondrous beauty, her pleasant words, her bright eyes charmed him; and he found himself looking at her in wonder.

"This is the girl," he said to himself, "who refused the best match in England, who refused the young duke. I am not surprised, now that I have seen her; she does not look like one who would marry for money—she has the noblest and most beautiful face I have ever seen."

For the first time Sir Oscar was *distracted*; he was generally considered one of the most amusing companions, but on this occasion his thoughts were all engrossed by the beautiful face which had charmed him so greatly.

(To be continued.)

THREE BEAUTIFUL LITERARY WOMEN.

SAYS Mary Cowden Clarke: "Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin Shelley, with her well-shaped golden-haired head almost always a little bent and drooping; her marble-white shoulders and arms statuesquely visible in the perfectly plain black velvet dress, which the customs of that time allowed to be cut low, and which her own taste adopted (for neither she nor her sister-in-law ever wore the conventional 'widow's weeds' and 'widow's cap'); her thoughtful, earnest eyes; her short upper lip and intellectually curved mouth, with a certain close-compressed and decisive expression while she listened, and a relaxation into fuller readiness and mobility when speaking; her exquisitely formed, white, dimpled, small hands, with rosy palms, and plumply commencing fingers, that tapered into tips as slender and delicate as those in a Vandyke portrait—all remain palpably present to memory. Another peculiarity in Mrs. Shelley's hand was its singular flexibility, which permitted her bending the fingers back so as almost to approach the portion of her arm above the wrist. She once did this smilingly and repeatedly, to amuse the girl who was noting its whiteness and pliancy, and who now, as an old woman, records its remarkable beauty."

"To my thinking, two other women only, among those I have seen who were distinguished for personal beauty as well as for literary eminence, ever equaled in these respects Mary Shelley: one of them was the Honorable Mrs. Norton, the other the Countess of Blessington; but these two latter named stars I never beheld in a familiar sphere—I merely beheld them in their box at the opera, or at the theatre. Mrs. Norton was the realization of what one would imagine a Muse of Poesy would look like—dark-haired, dark-eyed, classic-browed, and delicate-featured in the extreme, with a bearing of mingled feminine grace and regal graciousness. Lady Blessington, fair, florid-complexioned, with sparkling eyes and white high forehead, above which her bright brown hair was smoothly braided beneath a light and simple blonde cap, in which were a few touches of sky-blue satin ribbon that singularly well became her, setting off her buxom face and its vivid coloring."

THE SWAMP OF BOHEMIANISM.

NOW, as ages ago, every one who enters the paths of art, without any other means of existence than this art itself, will be obliged to pass

through the swamp of Bohemianism. It is as impossible to avoid it as it was for Stephenson to circumvent Chat Moss in laying his first railway.

Many young people have taken in earnest the declamations about unfortunate poets and artists. The graves of such as Chatterton, Gilbert, Malibatre, have been made the pulpit from which the martyrdom of art and poetry has been preached. These immoral lies, for such they are, cannot be blamed enough. Chatterton was not a genius, and no more are thousands of young men who think that it is sufficient to wear a ragged coat and soleless boots to be a poet.

Genius is like the sun: a thousand farthing rush-lights in juxtaposition will not pale its lustre. If overclouded at times, it will, sooner or later, burst through its veil.

Study, acquire, and accumulate knowledge, but do not make literature or art your support. Make it your delight, if you will. In the words of Sir Walter Scott: "Make it your walking-stick, not your crutch." In one case it is your slave, in the other it becomes your master. The miasma of the swamp to be traversed is sufficient to kill a Hercules. And not only that, it is a narrow swamp, bordered on each side by a precipice—misery and doubt. It requires a constant watchfulness, a never-failing study to arrive at the end, and when you do arrive you find that the game is not worth the candle. The same amount of energy bestowed upon less difficult pursuits will lead to fortune. "Physician, heal thyself," I hear some one say. My answer must close this paper: "*Jacta alca est.*" Silence is as manifestly the general duty of certain individuals as speech is of others; but the difficulty lies in persuading to his duty the man whom Providence has destined to be taciturn."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW PHYSICAL OBSERVATORY is to be erected at Pawlowsk, in connection with the Imperial Russian Physical Observatory at St. Petersburg.

THE ORGANIZATION of the French meteorological region is progressing satisfactorily. The example was set by Montpellier for the southern Mediterranean region. The northern Mediterranean region has now been centralized at Marseilles, and will very shortly commence operations. A special Meteorological Congress will be held in Poitiers for the western and southwestern regions.

THERE HAS BEEN RECENTLY published in Russia a work by MM. Mendeleef and Kirpitschoff, on the Compressibility of Gases. The authors have been led to several results which ought to attract the attention of physicists; they tend, in fact, to prove that Mariotte's Law does not hold good at low pressures, and that some of the results of Regnault's experiments do not agree with those obtained in other conditions.

IT IS PROPOSED to hold an Electrical Exhibition in Paris in 1877. It will be held in the Palais de l'Industrie, the object being to illustrate all the applications of electricity to the arts, to industry, and to domestic purposes. This project, which was initiated by Count Haliez d'Arros, has been received with general favor, both by the scientific and industrial worlds, and the necessary funds have been already guaranteed.

A SCIENCE COLLEGE has just been formally opened in Leeds, England, by the Duke of Devonshire, though it has really been at work for a year. The college has already got a considerable endowment; £30,000 have been raised by subscriptions; a further endowment of £400 a year has been obtained through the endowed schools commissioners, and the clothworkers have given £300 a year and founded four scholarships of £25 a year each, for furthering instruction in the textile industries.

AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SERIES OF PRACTICAL TESTS of the various disinfectants sold in New York, embracing over fifty kinds, Professor Elwin Waller, of Columbia College, concludes that the best disinfectant is carbolic acid. About one per cent. of the mixture should consist of carbolic acid. For prompt disinfection, which is only temporary, strong oxidizing agents, as chlorine, potash permanganate, nitric acid, etc., should be used. Of these, the cheapest and most available is chloride of lime.

SCIENTIFIC WORK will soon be resumed in Paris with activity, the Geographical, Biological, Anthropological, and other Societies, recommencing work within a few days. The Institute is the only French scientific institution which takes no holiday, even for any religious solemnity or national festivity. The regular weekly meetings were only interrupted once during the Commune, when civil war was raging in Paris. M. Elie de Beaumont, who was the perpetual secretary, tried to reach the Institute in order to open the sitting, but he was prevented by insurgents refusing to allow him to cross the barricades.

THE PRODUCTS OF THE COMBUSTION OF TOBACCO, if the combustions were complete, would be carbonic acid, ammonia and water; in the process of smoking, however, most of the tobacco is distilled rather than burnt, and the products of this distillation are quite numerous and complex. Vohl and Euhlenburg, after burning 150 cigars, recognized with distinctness, in the smoke, cyanhydric acid, sulphureted hydrogen, certain acids of the fatty acid series—namely, formic, acetic, propionic, butyric and valerianic; also carbonic acid, creasote, pyridin, picolin, collidin and other similar alkaloids. They found also ammonia, nitrogen, oxygen, and small quantities of marsh gas and carbonic oxide.

THE RECEPTION OF A SIGNAL on the summit of Mount Shasta by the officers of the Coast Survey has been successfully accomplished. The altitude of the signal—which is a hollow cylinder of galvanized iron, twenty feet high and two and a half feet in diameter, surmounted by a cone of nickel-plated copper, with concave sides, three feet high and three feet in diameter at the base—is, according to the observations taken by the members of the Coast Survey, 14,402 feet—40 feet less than the altitude given by the State Geological Survey. The nickel-plating of the signal is a brilliant reflector, and will, from 6 to 9 A.M., and from 3 to 7 P.M., reflect the sunlight in such a manner that the reflection can be seen from the valleys and the mountains from which the summit of the mountain is visible. It is believed that it can be used for observations at a distance of 100 miles, and possibly further.

MR. G. M. DAWSON, F.G.S., has reported to the Canadian Government, on the geology and resources of the region in the forty-ninth parallel, between the Lake of the Woods, S. E. of Lake Winnipeg, and the Rocky Mountains; in other words, of the western portion of the boundary of British America. Much of the country traversed had been previously quite unknown, geographically as well as geologically, which fact adds greatly to the importance of the report, the bulk of which is devoted to the account of the cretaceous and tertiary strata of the plains between the Rocky Mountains, as they are constituted at the boundary, and the Lake of the Woods. The survey of the United States Government to the south of the above-mentioned region, when taken in conjunction with that under notice, forms a vast addition to geologic knowledge. Among the most important results arrived at is the discovery of beds which seem to gap over the apparently considerable interval between the Cretaceous and lower Tertiary rocks.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ROBERT DALE OWEN has sufficiently recovered from his unfortunate illness to be able to resume his literary work and lectures.

MISS ELLEN H. SWALLOW, chemist, performed the greater portion of 450 analyses for the Massachusetts State Board of Health last year.

HON. JOSEPH C. A. WINGATE, who for the past eleven years has been United States Consul at Swatow, China, has returned to his home in Stratham, N. H.

THE DUC DE COIMBRE, brother of the King of Portugal, recently visited the Jardin d'Acclimation, and has decided to establish a similar institution at Lisbon.

SENOR RUMI, formerly Minister for the Colonies of Spain, is to be sent to Havana as Royal Commissioner, with unlimited authority to regulate the finances of the Island.

DR. ALEXANDER M. ROSS, the author and naturalist, of Toronto, Canada, has been honored by the King of Bavaria with the Order of Albert, a high compliment to a justly celebrated man.

MIGUEL CORDOVA, a Spaniard, in San Francisco, has a thousand finger-rings from all quarters of the globe, representing every nation and age; the most valuable collection in the United States, if not in the world.

THE Prince Imperial of France left Arenenberg for England on the 15th ult. The Prince will not make his projected tour this year, but may possibly be present at the inauguration of the monument to Napoleon III. at Milan.

AN appeal to the Christian people of Europe to give speedy assistance to the oppressed and unfortunate Bosnians and Herzegovinians, especially to the aged men and starving women and children, has been issued by the Metropolitan of Servia, Monsignor Michael.

GIBRON WELLES is hale and hearty, and appears to bear lightly his seventy odd years. He lives in a delightful part of Hartford, and is surrounded by all the luxuries of life. Politically, it is said, he votes the Democratic ticket, and that his opinion of the present Administration is not unqualified admiration.

AN important acquisition to Washington society next Winter will be Countess de la Rochefoucauld, wife of the new Secretary of the French Legation. The lady is beautiful and very accomplished, and a remarkably fluent linguist. At Newport lately the lady's society has been very much courted, and her visiting list has assumed immense proportions.

MR. ALEXANDER DUTREES, first Vice-President of the Canadian Institute of Montreal, was in Boston last week, for the purpose of securing funds to liquidate indebtedness incurred mainly in the Guibord controversy. The amount needed is about \$15,000. The Institute is composed of liberal men, who claim to be good Catholics, but reject the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, and have been excommunicated.

MR. F. W. POTTER, United States Consul at Marseilles, will introduce during the coming year, under the authorization of the French Agricultural Society, a great number of American vines for cultivation in those districts of the South that have suffered so terribly from the phylloxera. The vines imported by Mr. Potter, at the first of the present year, have given excellent satisfaction to the cultivators among whom they were distributed.

DR. EDWARD WARREN (Bey), who has recently occupied the distinguished position of Chief-Surgeon to the Egyptian Army, has been induced to send in his resignation, and, yielding to the solicitations of many friends, has consented to settle as a general practitioner of Medicine and Surgery in Paris. He will be remembered as the medical expert in the trial of Mrs. Wharton at Annapolis, Md., in 1872, upon a charge of poisoning General Ketchum.

PRINCE MILANO, of Servia, who is shortly to be married to a princess of the blood, is extremely in love with his future wife, and he has a rather extravagant way of showing it. The young sovereign of Servia sends her a long letter every day by telegraph, and dispatches a courier with a magnificent bouquet for his fiancée. The princess-elect is not behind her royal suitor in extravagance, however. Her trousseau has cost the nice little sum of \$38,000. Not yet sixteen, and very beautiful, she was bent on having her dress of white velvet, but the weight would have been unbearable with its trimmings, etc., and the dress was made of the richest white tulle, covered with magnificent English point and diamonds.

THE prizes offered by Señor de Marcomari for the best code of international law were presented at Brighton, England, on the 10th of October—the first, of £200, to Mr. A. P. Sprague, of Troy, N. Y., and the second, of £100, to M. Paul Lacombe, of France. The presentation address was made by Lord Aberdare. Referring to the evils of war, he said: "These things will continue so long as war and warriors are held in their present high estimation, and nations will only be secure when by universal opinion the moral greatness of a Washington is set above the intellectual superiority of a Napoleon." Of the disposition of the first prize, he said: "Most of us might have desired to see one of those prizes carried off by one of our countrymen; but if prizes are to be won by strangers, we shall all feel satisfaction in the fact that the first prize has been accorded to a native of the great country so closely allied to us in blood and language."

COUNT LADISLAUS HOYOS, the newly-appointed Austrian Minister to the United States, who succeeds the Baron Schwarz-Senborn, is a Hungarian by birth, and is about forty-two years of age. He began his diplomatic career in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but for the past seven years has been First Secretary of Legation at Paris, where he was very popular on account of his agreeable manners. He has been frequently offered the post of Minister in European countries, but has always declined. When, however, the post as Ambassador in the United States was offered to him he at once accepted. He is a great admirer of American institutions, and will doubtless be as popular at Washington as he has been at Paris. Count Hoyos is descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the Hungarian aristocracy. He is accompanied by his newly-married wife, who was a Countess of Herbenstein, and a native of Upper Austria.

"UNSER FRITZ," who is to come to this country in the German corvette *Elisabeth*, to participate in our centennial jubilee, was forty-four years old on the 18th of October last. He is the eldest son of the Emperor Wilhelm, heir-apparent to the crown of Charlemagne, and husband of Queen Victoria's oldest daughter. He received the most thorough military and scientific education. After pursuing the regular course of study prescribed for all the Prussian princes, he became a pupil of Count Von Moltke, and through his instructions gained a knowledge of the principles of strategy and tactics which he afterwards reduced to practice upon the field. In the Danish War of 1864 he had command of a corps, and in the contest between Austria and Prussia, two years later, by going promptly to the rescue of his cousin, Prince Frederick Karl, he turned the engagement at Sadowa from an imminent defeat into a positive victory. In the Franco-German War he was in command of the army that fought the hardest and most frequently, and by his tact, judgment and skill in handling his troops, he evinced the highest generalship.

ST. BARNABAS' HOUSE.

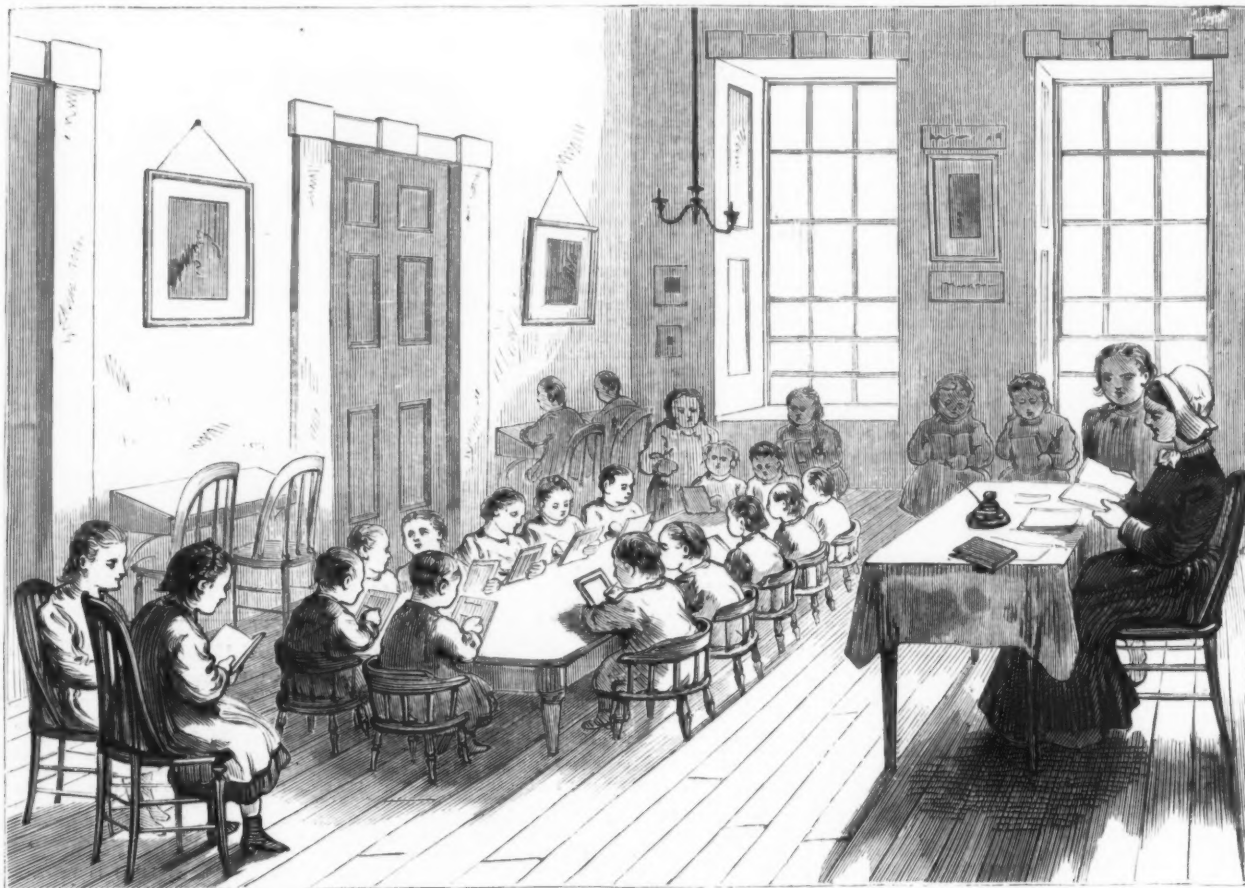
THE DAY NURSERY FOR POOR CHILDREN.

NO. 304 Mulberry Street, New York, is a quiet, unpretentious building, with nothing to distinguish it from other broad, old-fashioned houses that abound in its vicinity save its air of cleanliness and comfort, and the large, bright-shining door-plate whereon is engraved, "St. Barnabas' House."



RECEIVING DONATIONS.

The neighborhood was once a fashionable one, but that was in bygone times. Wealth and refinement have long since departed from this quarter, and it is now given up to stores, offices, cheap restaurants, drinking-saloons, lodging and tenement-houses. The houses appear to have changed with their changing tenants. Buildings that were once trim, well-kept homes now have a slipshod and



THE SCHOOLROOM.



ASKING THE DIVINE BLESSING AT ONE OF THE SUPPER-TABLES.



THE CHILDREN LOOKING AT PICTURES.

seedy look. Windows where beauty sat behind lace and brocade curtains are now dingy and dirty, with broken panes and rickety shutters. The halls where velvet carpets softened the tread are now bare and cheerless. Trade has invaded the parlor and drawing-room, and my lady's chamber of former days is now a cheap lodging-room.

If there is any analogy between a house and its uses, it is not to be wondered at that No. 304, like a good man growing old and doing kind deeds, retains its fresh and cheerful mien, and that scores of thankful hearts reverence its plain brick walls more than the grandest works of architecture.

The "House" was originally opened by Mrs. William Richmond—a charitable lady whose good deeds live after her—under the name of the "Home for Homeless Women and Children"; but prior to her death the property was bought by the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, and opened in June, 1865, under the name of "St. Barnabas' House." In the following year, No. 306 was purchased and added to the establishment.

Here, as a place of refuge, are received homeless women and children applying from the streets or wandering in from the country; also



THE DAY-NURSERY PLAYROOM.

women discharged from the hospital cured, but requiring a few days' repose to gain strength, yet without home or friends in the city, and no money to journey elsewhere in search of them. The door is ever open to the friendless and the destitute, and although the limit of accommodation is often reached, it is seldom that an applicant for lodging is turned away, unless in a state of extreme intoxication, and a meal is never refused, except when it is believed that laziness or vice would be encouraged by the bestowal of food. Some idea of the immense good done by this noble charity can be formed by glancing at the statistics of the establishment, which show that during the year ending March 31st, 1875, 1,765 inmates were received in the home; 106,865 meals and 20,548 lodgings were furnished.

The "House" is in charge of the "Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd," a small band of Christian women who devote their lives to ministering to the poor, the sick, the homeless and the outcast, and to nurturing little children. Under the Sisters' management, every possible influence for good is brought to bear upon those received into the "House." Perfect order, personal cleanliness, scrupulous neatness in regard to every-

NEW YORK CITY.—ST. BARNABAS' HOUSE, 304 MULBERRY STREET—A HOME FOR FRIENDLESS AND DESTITUTE WOMEN AND CHILDREN, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CITY MISSION, AND IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERHOOD OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

thing, and cheerful industry, are inculcated by precept and example, while the moral and spiritual welfare of the unfortunates who come under the care of the Sisterhood is attended to in a quiet, earnest manner that leads many to live a higher and a better life.

St. Barnabas' is intended for a temporary resting-place; accordingly, within the first week of residence the larger part of those received are sent to situations, to other institutions, or to their homes. The average stay of the women in the house is about three days. An Industrial Branch is connected with the institution, where work is furnished to women, and girls are instructed in sewing. The House is allowed to keep sixteen little homeless children, who are fed, clothed, lodged and taught.

The Day Nursery, which is one of the most interesting features of St. Barnabas', is a distinctive and commendable branch of the good work done by the institution, and our artist has furnished several sketches showing how the little ones are cared for in this department. The nursery was inaugurated for the purpose of affording a place where poor mothers, while compelled to labor away from home during the day, can leave their children with an assurance that they will be tenderly watched.

At seven o'clock in the morning the doors are open for the reception of the little ones, and although they are at first somewhat loth to leave their mother, the sweet smile and gentle manner of the kind Sister in charge soon win their hearts, and after two or three visits the children are glad to spend the day in the comfortable home.

During their stay everything is done for their instruction and amusement. Easy lessons are given to the older children, and between school-hours they are allowed to play or gather round the kind Sisters to listen to instructive and entertaining reading. The younger children have a playroom where they can romp to their hearts' content, and careful nurses are always on hand to attend to every infantile want. Cribs are also provided where the tender ones can take a comfortable nap when wearied out by play.

The appetites of the youthful charges are catered for—a substantial dinner being furnished at noon, and a healthy supper at six o'clock. The order and decorum at the dining-table is wonderful, and instills habits of politeness that greatly benefit the children. Substantial bibs, or aprons, are provided to protect the dresses of the eaters. At seven o'clock in the evening the mothers call for their offspring, and take them away with thankful hearts. It is impossible to calculate the immense amount of good that is done, and will accrue in the future, from the working of the Day Nursery. The class therein cared for are those who would be liable to imbibe the pernicious habits pertaining to street life, or be left neglected in some cheerless room, did not this noble charity gather them under the beneficial and refining influences of a home.

The field of work for St. Barnabas' House is a large one, and every thoughtful person can see its great advantage to the community. That the home is restricted in its usefulness by lack of means is a matter for regret. Its quarters are contracted, and it cannot at present extend its facilities. The unobtrusive way in which its work is pursued has prevented its receiving the deserved attention. We advise our citizens to visit the House, feeling assured that an inspection of the workings of the institution will insure it a hearty support from the charitable. Few stop to think what great good they might do by a little encouragement to such systematized charities. Vice and laziness are often encouraged by indiscriminate alms-giving, but every dollar contributed to the funds of St. Barnabas House, goes to lighten the burdens of the worthy poor, encourage the seeker after honest labor, and elevate and improve the public morals. Those who have not money to contribute can help the good work by moral encouragement, and almost every family can find among its cast-off clothing, or even among the worn-out toys of their children, enough to make up a bundle as a donation which will be thankfully received by the good Sisters at the House.

THE GLOVER BRONZE AT BOSTON.

HON. BENJAMIN T. REED has presented the City of Boston with a bronze statue of General John Glover, a revolutionary hero, and it now stands on a pedestal of granite in Commonwealth Avenue Park, a little below its intersection with Berkeley Street. General Glover, who has thus been "commemorated in enduring bronze," was born in Salem, Nov. 5, 1732, and, when not far advanced in



A WORKINGWOMAN LEAVING HER CHILDREN, FOR THE DAY, AT ST. BARNABAS' HOUSE.

years, removed to Marblehead. He was an uncompromising patriot, and, at the outbreak of the Revolution, marched at the head of a regiment of a thousand men from Marblehead to Cambridge, the headquarters of the Continental Army. A man of a good deal of executive ability, General Glover did a great service to the colonies in organizing the army, of which the fisherman's regiment he commanded was one of the "crack corps." At the disastrous battle on Long Island, it was largely through General Glover's skill that the Continental troops retreated in good order. His regiment also led the van in the crossing of the Delaware by Washington's army, the night before the victory at Trenton. For his services, he was made a Brigadier-General in 1777, and did good service in Schuylers campaign against Burgoyne, whose captive army he escorted to Cambridge. Subsequently, General Glover served under Greene in New Jersey, and in Rhode Island under Sullivan, always conducting himself with ability, and making for his name no mean reputation. The statue is by Martin Mil-

GUADALUPE U. Y MORON, OF THE MEXICAN JUVENILE OPERA TROUPE.

THE Juvenile Mexican Opera Troupe, that created such a favorable impression upon their first appearance in this city at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in August, began an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre on November 1st. They first came here unheralded, except by notices that reached us through the Southern press of their success in every city that they stopped at on their route from San Francisco—where they made their debut before an American audience—to New York, but the genuine talent of these little people won the favor of our theatre-going people at once. The troupe is composed of children whose ages range from six to sixteen years. All are good singers, considering their tender age, and the acting of several of them is capital. The operas presented by this company are sung in Spanish, and include such pieces as "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse," "Robinson Crusoe," and others. Carmen U. y Moron, the prima donna, is eight years of age, and Guadalupe U. y Moron, whose portrait we give in this issue, is but six years old. She plays Wanda in "La Grande Duchesse" with spirit and grace. This troupe is the most wonderful group of infant prod-

gies that have ever been seen upon our stage, and the Lyceum is crowded nightly with a delighted audience.

THE LONDON STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

LOVERS of facts and figures have their Statistical Society, admired by the late Mr. Buckle, who declared that statistics "had thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the other sciences put together." It is not only interesting, but sometimes excessively droll, to study human nature by the light thrown upon it by statistics. Things supposed to occur in the most capricious manner turn out, when investigated on a broad basis, to be as regular in their occurrence as the tides. Murder, for instance, might be supposed to be one of the most arbitrary and irregular of all crimes; and marriage a contract which would be entered into purely at the bidding of caprice. Nothing of the kind, say the statisticians; murders occur with quite as great regularity as other natural phenomena, and the percentage of marriages bears a fixed proportion to the price of wheat per bushel. More than this, when Brissot-Savarin, the "drum-major of the Court of Cassation," ate and drank more than was good for him, and said in jest, "The destiny of nations depends upon what they eat," he did not utter a joke; he stated a fact. Rice-eating nations and vegetarians generally, unlike the Briton, "ever shall be slaves." Egypt is a rice-eating country—its inhabitants have been slaves from the most remote times. Bengal is tenanted by poor creatures who live upon rice and a little grease, and who have fallen an easy prey to a long series of conquerors. On the other hand, the Romans and the English—mighty men of war in all climates and under all imaginable circumstances—ate ever of the fat, and drank of the strong. Averages and percentages rule the world.

People forget to direct their letters before posting them and commit suicide with a regularity which makes it a positive pleasure to compile tables on these subjects. There is nothing like figures. John Howard, the philanthropist, would never have carried his famous reform of prisons

if he had not shown by convincing figures that the neglected jails of his day were centres of fever and smallpox, and by a frightful array of figures fairly scared the Legislature into doing its duty, and doing it at once. Adepts in statistics, which, we suppose, is a legitimate branch of the "dismal science," were formed into a society soon after the works of the famous Quetelet became known in Great Britain. It must not be supposed that the meetings of the Statistical Society are at all dull. Unerring figures may be made to bear many interpretations, and learned statisticians are apt to entertain strong opinions, so that very lively discussions often take place.

ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

O'CONNELL defended a man tried at the Cork assizes for murder. The case for the prosecution was exceedingly strong. The principal witness had picked up the hat of the man on trial, near the body of the murdered man. The prisoner's name was Pat Hogan. The hat was produced in court. O'Connell asked to see it, and it was handed to him. "Now," said O'Connell to the witness, "you are quite sure this is the hat you found?"

"Yes, your honor counselor."

"And the hat is in the same state now it was then?"

"Oh, yes; just the same."

O'Connell looked inside, and spelled PAT HOGAN. "Do you mean to say the name was in the hat when you found it?"

"I do—on my oath," said the witness, confidently.

"You are certain of that?"

"Quite certain."

"Now you may go down," cried O'Connell.

"My lord," he said, there must be an acquittal: there is no name at all in the hat! The jury at once, under the judge's direction, found the prisoner "Not Guilty."

O'Connell was counsel for an heir-in-law whose rights were threatened by a will found, it was alleged, in a desk of the late owner. The genuineness of the will was disputed; but the witnesses swore point-blank to the signature of the testator as having been affixed when "life was in him."

The recurrence of this phrase, "when life was in him," struck O'Connell. When cross-examining, he said: "Now, witness, answer my question as you shall have to answer before the judgment-seat of God! Was not there a fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was held to this paper?"

Confused and trembling, the witness replied: "There was."

O'Connell's drollery was often displayed during the assizes. When stating the injury done to a client who brought an action against the Earl of Bandon for diverting a water course, the defendant's attorney's face was a good index to his devotion to Bacchus. His name was O'Flaherty, and O'Connell said: "So completely was the stream diverted from the plaintiff's mill, there was not sufficient water left as would make grog for O'Flaherty."

When applying to change the venue of a case from Dublin to Tralee, the motion was resisted by a very unprepossessing-looking barrister, whose politics were avowed to be Kerry-men in general, and O'Connell's in particular. This gentleman contended "there was no necessity to send the case to Kerry—a county very remote—where he had never been, and was very inconvenient."

"I can promise my learned friend," replied O'Connell, "a hearty welcome; and we'll show him the lovely Lakes of Killarney."

"Ay," growled Mr. H—; "the bottom of them."

"Oh, no," replied O'Connell. "I would not frighten the fish."

His practice on circuit was so great, he was usually retained in all important records; and when required to defend prisoners in the criminal court, while the records were trying in the next court, not having the ubiquity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, could not be in both places at once. When engaged in defending a notorious Whiteboy named Lucey, he was often sent for to attend in the Record Court, where a very important case in which he held a brief was at hearing. He refused to leave the Crown Court while his client's life was in jeopardy; but when the jury returned their verdict, "Not guilty," O'Connell appeared in the civil case.

"Where were you all day?" asked Sergeant Jackson. "You were badly wanted here."

"I could not leave the Crown Court; I was defending Lucey," replied O'Connell.



BOSTON, MASS.—MARTIN MILLMORE'S STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN GLOVER, RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE SECOND PARK ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.



GUADALUPE U. Y MORON, AGED SIX YEARS, OF THE JUVENILE MEXICAN OPERA TROUPE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.

"What was the verdict?"
 "Not guilty."
 "Then you have acquitted a wretch," said Sergeant Jackson—"a wretch unfit to live."
 "I am sure, my dear Jackson," responded O'Connell, "you will allow, if Lucy be unfit to live, he is still more unfit to die."

When judges in Ireland are unable from illness, or other cause, to go to circuit, a sergeant is usually sent instead. The sergeants in Ireland are only three in number, and take rank after the Attorney and Solicitor General; but as these law officers direct the prosecutions, and on great occasions personally appear for the Crown, they are therefore disqualified, while holding office, from presiding on the bench. Mr. Sergeant Lefroy was known to take great interest in religious matters, and the recent biography, written by his son, shows what a truly pious man he was. Fresh from taking part in a meeting for the conversion of the Jews, Sergeant Lefroy went as judge on the Munster Circuit. A man was tried before him at Cork, indicted for stealing a number of valuable coins. Several were from the Holy Land, others of the time of Caesar. O'Connell, who was defending the prisoner, heard the judge ask for the coins; when he instantly came out with a joke, saying: "Give his lordship the Jewish ones, but hand me the Roman."

Having acquitted a man indicted for cow-stealing, O'Connell was visited that night by his client, who was considerably the worse for his potations. They were alone in O'Connell's lodgings, in Cork, and O'Connell had no desire for such companionship. He said he had so much to do, that he could dispense with the man's company.

"Well, counselor, jewel, don't be angry with me; but before I give you my blessing, I want to give you an advice."

"What is that?" asked O'Connell.
 "When you go to steal a cow, don't take any that are by the ditch—they're lean, hungry cratures; but take the outside one—she's sure to have the most milk;" so saying, the grateful client took his departure.

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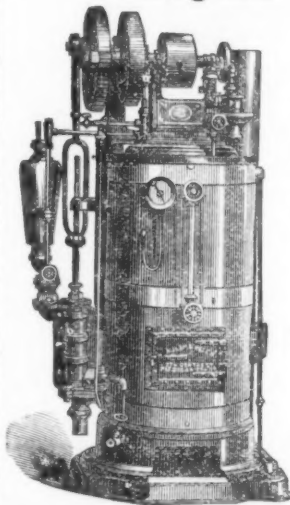
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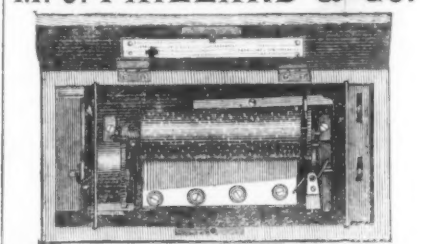
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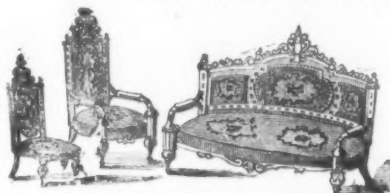
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